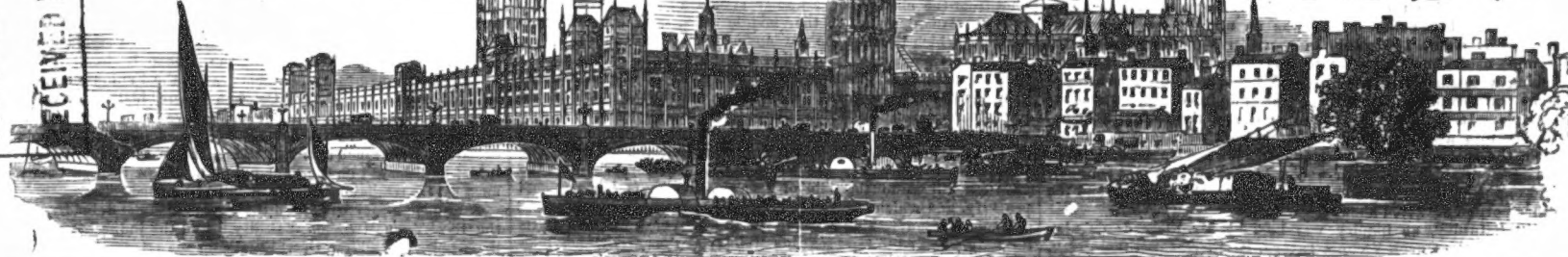


John Dick 33 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

ONE PENNY.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE events of past times, particularly those of evil tendency, should only be called to mind as guides or beacons to the future; and there should, in the present enlightened age, be no silly display that is calculated to awaken angry or hostile feelings in the mind of any one. It is true that we have given an engraving of the meeting of the conspirators, but this is intended more as a work of art than in any commemoration of an event that it would be best to forget, except for wise and useful purposes.

The cause and circumstances attending what has been termed the "Gunpowder Plot" may be found in numerous publications as a matter of history, and we believe there are but few who are wholly unacquainted with it. The most daring amongst the conspirators was Guido or Guy Fawkes, a man of good parentage,

connected with a respectable family in Yorkshire. His father exercised the profession of a notary at York, and held the office of registrar and advocate of the Consistory Court of the Cathedral. His early years appear to have been strongly marked by extravagance; and having wasted the property bequeathed to him by his father, he enlisted in the Spanish army, then in Flanders, and assisted in the taking of Calais, by the Archduke Albert in 1598. He was in Flanders in 1604, and joined Winter, who had been deputed to meet Valasco, constable of Castile, who was on his way to England to conclude a peace between James and the King of Spain. Winter earnestly solicited the constable to beg of his Majesty to recall the penal laws against the Catholics, but which the Spaniard declined to interfere with. They returned to England, and Fawkes devoted heart and soul and spirit to the unjust proceedings of the conspirators.

During the progress of the plot he appears to have been one of the most determined of the gang; and when the gunpowder was discovered by Sir Thomas Knevet in a cellar beneath the House of Lords, Fawkes, who was to have fired the train, was apprehended at his post, and at once avowed his purpose, and told the magistrate that "had he happened to be in the house when he took him he would not have failed to have blown him up, house and all." Matches and touchwood were found upon his person, and a dark lantern with a lighted candle stood behind the cellar door. He was examined before the king and council, and did not attempt to conceal his designs. He refused to impeach any one of his accomplices, and on being asked by the king "how he could enter upon so bloody a conspiracy against so many innocent persons," answered that "dangerous diseases required a desperate remedy. He was executed in 1606.



THE GUNPOWDER PLOT CONSPIRATORS. (From a Picture by John Gilbert, Esq.)

Notes of the Week.

ABOUT eight o'clock on Saturday morning an explosion took place on the Thames Embankment. The scene was the works in connexion with No. 2 contract, facing the Temple gardens. On the pile staging in that particular part there were two travelling engines and a dredging engine stationed, and the report attracting numbers to the spot it was soon ascertained that the boiler attached to the "dredger" had exploded. At the time of the occurrence all the workmen had left for their breakfast, otherwise the accident would probably have been attended with fatal results. On the news reaching them they immediately hastened back to render assistance. The boiler, which was an upright one, was blown backwards about 100 yards in a westerly direction on to the "run," used for the trucks to travel upon; and the funnel and tubing were shattered to pieces, and forced some distance away—some portions of the latter being picked up in several parts of the Temple. In its flight a portion of one of the feed pipes completely tore away some of the stone work belonging to a house near the water's edge, and many windows were broken. The carriage on which the boiler and engine stood was rent asunder, and one part of the engine was blown into the Thames and the other portion scattered about the works.

On Saturday, an inquiry was held by Mr. Richards, deputy-coroner, at the Queen Victoria Tavern, Hart-street, Bethnal-green, relative to the death of Elizabeth Jane Langdon, aged thirty-four years. The deceased was the wife of a mechanic living at No. 316, Quilter-street, Bethnal-green, and it appeared from the evidence that a few months back, while sitting one evening in her room, there was an alarm of thieves in the adjoining house, and she was excessively frightened. The other lodgers in the house were also alarmed, but the deceased was so exceedingly terrified that she became ill, and never recovered her health. On Tuesday week she exclaimed suddenly, "I feel so miserable that I know I must die," and she died almost immediately. Dr. E. C. Smallman said that the cause of the deceased's death was valvular disease of the heart, induced by the shock of the fright described. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased died from the mortal effects of disease of the heart, accelerated by fright."

On Saturday morning a fire broke out in the cotton mill of Messrs. Todd and Co., Wheelton, a few miles from Preston, which speedily resulted in the destruction of a vast quantity of valuable property. The premises are very extensive—a spinning mill, a weaving shed, a new factory, and another shed, all in close proximity—and they contained about 30,000 spindles, about 1,000 looms, and all the usual appliances for the other departments of the business. The roof fell in, floor after floor dropped, the machinery was heaped below in the wildest confusion, and the mill was totally destroyed. Subsequently, or rather whilst the mill in question was being consumed, the flames caught the new factory, and spread with considerable rapidity, and a large portion of it was destroyed before the fire was extinguished. The damage will, it is thought, amount to about £60,000; but it will fortunately be covered by insurance. About 1,000 operatives will, it is feared, be thrown out of employment by the conflagration.

The committee which has been constituted in London for the purpose of raising a fund by subscription to relieve the distress consequent upon the late terrible conflagration at Quebec, whereby (according to the most recent accounts) 25,000 of the poor have been rendered homeless, held their first meeting on Saturday. George Carr Glyn, Esq., M.P., presided. Resolutions were adopted, without dissent, expressing sympathy with the sufferers, requesting Messrs. Baring and Messrs. Glyn to place themselves in communication with the authorities at Quebec, and to remit to them the subscriptions as they come in; and requesting Messrs. Glyn and Co. and Messrs. Coutts and Co. to receive subscriptions to the fund, which can also be forwarded to 21, Old Broad-street, or to any member of the committee. It was announced by the hon. secretary that £2,684 had been already received, and that the Atlantic Telegraph Company had that day forwarded gratuitously a message to the Mayor of Quebec, giving him authority to draw £1,500 more upon the bankers on account of the fund.

On Saturday, George Earnshaw, slubber, Lockwood, was brought before the Huddersfield bench, having been apprehended on the previous Saturday night, for attempting to kill Ellen, his daughter, aged fourteen years, by pouring boiling water in her ear as she lay asleep in bed; and also for attempting to commit suicide by drinking boiling water from a kettle, and after trying to hang himself. Mr. Superintendent Heslop stated that it would be a week before the girl was in a fit state to appear, and he asked for a remand. The prisoner made an incoherent statement, to the effect that as soon as he poured the water on the girl he would have given the world if he had not done it. He was remanded for a week, with the understanding that a medical opinion should be obtained as to his state of mind, and if need be he should be transferred to the Wakefield Asylum.

On Monday, an inquest was held in York-street, Kingsland-road, on the body of Mr. Robert Webster, aged sixty-five years. On Friday week deceased ran for some distance to secure a place in an omnibus going from Stoke Newington to the City, and in a few minutes afterwards became insensible and expired. Death had resulted from rupture of the heart consequent on the exertion. A verdict in accordance with the evidence was returned.

THE QUEEN'S KETTLE.—An interesting incident was omitted from our notice of the royal visit last week. On her return from Paradise, the Queen was expected to stop at Mrs. Barrie's, Kildrumny Inn, where a large number of people had gathered; but, much to their disappointment, the royal party drove past without stopping. A short way above the inn there is a humble and unpretentious dwelling occupied by a widow named Mrs. Shanks. Here her Majesty halted on her journey, and Dr. Robertson, the royal commissioner, entered Castle Cottage (as it is called from its proximity to Kildrumny Castle), and asked Mrs. Shanks to lend the Queen a kettle to boil water in. Mrs. Shanks had her kettle on to make her own tea, and having of course at once gladly consented, Dr. Robertson took it off the fire and carried it up to the noble old ruin, where he was followed on foot by the Queen, Princess Louise, and Prince and Princess Christian, who had tea in front of the venerable old castle. Her Majesty stayed about three-quarters of an hour, and the royal party were not disturbed by any visitors during their tea. The horses were kept waiting on the road while the royal party examined this interesting relic of the past; and, before leaving, Dr. Robertson left a handsome memento of the royal visit in the hands of Mrs. Shanks—to whom the "Queen's Kettle" will henceforth be an object of pride and interest. Numbers of people called after the Queen had gone; and Mrs. Shanks has a kind of daily levee in her kitchen showing off the kettle to curious visitors.—*Huntly Express*.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* publishes the following:—"We receive directly from Miramar satisfactory news as to the state of the Empress Charlotte. Thanks to the intelligent and assiduous care with which her Majesty is surrounded, and to the absolute repose she enjoys in that charming retreat, the moral excitement which had disturbed the Princess's mind is completely appeased. The amelioration, which at first appeared to take place but slowly now assumes all the symptoms of a radical cure. At half a gunshot from the chateau of Miramar stands a small pavilion, built in the Italian style of the middle ages, and covered with verdure, which is called the gardener's house. Before leaving for Mexico, the Archduke Maximilian and the Princess dwelt there in preference, in order to escape the irksomeness of etiquette. The Empress has again installed herself there, and in the midst of the pleasant reminiscences which surround her, occupies her leisure with reading, music, and painting. The medical attendants insist that her Majesty shall not leave Europe during the winter. The probability is that when the weather becomes more rigorous the Empress will go to the Isle of Lacroma, which is her personal property, and which enjoys the mild temperature of Naples."

General Fleury, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, has left Paris for Italy, charged to represent his Majesty at the fete which takes place at Venice on the occasion of the King's arrival.

A review held in Paris, on Monday, on the racecourse in the Bois de Boulogne, passed off in a most brilliant manner, the weather being very fine. The Emperor rode past the troops, and the latter subsequently defiled before his Majesty, amid much cheering.

ITALY.

The deputation from Venetia, composed of the mayors of the principal towns, reached Turin on Saturday. Their arrival was announced by a salvo of artillery. The municipality of Turin, the civil and military authorities, and the Court dignitaries proceeded to meet them at the railway station, around which an immense number of people assembled, who heartily cheered the deputation. Commander Tecchio delivered a speech, which was greatly applauded and interrupted by shouts of "Viva Venezia" from the multitude.

King Victor Emmanuel, surrounded by the princes, the ministers, the dignitaries of the State, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, received the Venetian deputation, which communicated to his Majesty the result of the plebiscite.

After the ceremony, the National Guard, the troops, and the various corporate bodies defiled before his Majesty amid loud cheers from the assembled multitude.

General Menabrea delivered a speech to the King on placing in his Majesty's hands the Iron Crown of Lombardy.

Upon receiving the result of the plebiscite from the Venetian deputation, King Victor Emmanuel made the following reply:—"This day is the proudest of my life. Eighteen years ago my father proclaimed from this city the war of independence, and to-day you bring to me the manifestations of the popular will in the Venetian provinces, which, united with Italy, declare my father's wish to be accomplished. You confirm by this solemn act what Venetia did up to 1848, and has maintained up to the present day with admirable constancy and abnegation. I therefore pay a grateful tribute to those generous patriots who upheld their faith in the destinies of the country by every kind of sacrifice and by their blood. To-day foreign dominion ceases for ever. Italy is constituted if not accomplished. Italians must now defend and make her great. The iron crown is also restored to Italy, but to that crown I prefer the one which is dearer to me made by the love of my people."

A royal decree has been issued declaring that the provinces of Venetia henceforth form an integral part of the kingdom of Italy. Sixteen senators have been appointed for Venetia. Royal decrees have also been issued ordering the release of several persons undergoing terms of imprisonment in different parts of the kingdom.

AUSTRIA.

A number of the *Abend Post* contains the following communication:—

"When his Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty left the Bohemian (Czech) theatre in Prague at half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the 27th instant, and was about to enter the carriage which was in waiting for him, the English Captain P. (Palmer) observed that a man who stood near him raised his right hand, in which was a pocket pistol. The captain forced the man's arm down and seized him by the breast, on which the latter let the pistol slip into the side pocket of his coat. When the man, a journeyman tailor named A. P., was arrested, he let fall a piece of black silk containing some gunpowder and three caps, and a slug (bullet), which was picked up by a municipal constable. The pistol, which was found by two young men opposite the principal entrance to the theatre shortly after the Emperor had driven away, was loaded and on full cock, but there was no cap on the nipple. A. P., who is married and has two children, was at once handed over to the criminal authorities."

"Of Mr. Hugh P. F. Palmer," says the *Times* correspondent, "I know nothing more than that he came to this city from St. Petersburg about a month ago, and went to Prague at the beginning of last week. By profession he is a marine engineer, and his title of 'captain' he may perhaps owe to his wearing a cap with gold lace round it, and to his being the proprietor of the yacht *Warhawk*. In the year 1858 his Majesty's life was saved by an Irishman (Count O'Donnell), and by a singular coincidence he has now been rescued by another foreigner—an Englishman."

The following are the chief points of the proposed reform of the Austrian military organization:—Universal liability to military service; the army to be supplied with breech-loaders; simplification of the commissariat regulation; a new audit system, and prompt examination of all military accounts; the improvement of the educational institutions for the army; the formation of officers' schools; strict examinations for those aspiring to become officers and staff officers; a new law of proportion; changes in the organization of the general staff; reform of the military penal laws; alleviation of the burdens of the public Treasury by a considerable reduction in the number of officers, and the partial cessation of promotions; special ordinances with regard to furloughs and removal from active service.

AMERICA.

A New York letter in the *Times* says:—"There is a comparative lull in Fenian movements, and although the Canadians fear a foray as soon as the ice bridges the St. Lawrence, there is nothing now transpiring among the Fenians that would indicate any such

purpose. The United States authorities along the Canadian border are restoring to them their captured arms, in obedience to the orders of the President, and the belief is that this stroke of policy has, in New York, prevented any very great defection of Fenian votes from the Conservative ranks. James Stephens is in St. Louis, where he made a speech a day or two ago, and announced for the twentieth time, at least, that 'the battle for Irish independence would commence before the close of the present year, and that New Year's Day, 1867, would find him fighting on Irish soil.' He has barely two months in which to make good his prophecy; and if the promised 'battle' is to be fought through any exertion of the weak party he has in America, there is very poor chance of a victory. In Toronto the Fenian prisoners captured during the Canadian raids have been arraigned. They were without friends, or money, or counsel, and the complete desertion of them by the Fenians of the United States is a significant commentary on the heartlessness of the Fenian leaders. The only appearance of sympathy for them was at the Fenian meeting held in Rochester on the 14th of October, where, instead of raising a fund to procure them counsel or relieve their necessities, the Fenian sympathy confined itself to the adoption of a resolution declaring, with much bombast, 'That if the Canadian authorities inflict punishment on the Fenian prisoners now in their hands, the most severe retaliatory measures will be adopted!'"

A Canadian jury has found the Fenian Colonel John Lynch and the Rev. John McMahon "Guilty," and the judge has sentenced them to be hanged on Dec. 13, giving the prisoners the privilege to appeal against the decision of the court. This sentence has caused great excitement among the Fenians. The New York municipality has passed resolutions requesting the Canadian authorities to release the prisoners, and has also sent a deputation to Washington, requesting the President to use his efforts to obtain their pardon.

The Tammany Hall democrats have passed resolutions calling upon the Government to intervene and insist upon the Fenian prisoners being delivered up, and to assure the British Government that the American people will retaliate for the violation of humanity, civilization, and justice such as the execution of the prisoners would involve.

General News.

MISS BATEMAN, the actress, was married at New York to Mr. Crow, a London surgeon.

The colonelcy of the 96th Regiment is vacant by the death of Major-General Sir Charles Warren, K.C.B., who died a few days ago at his residence in Dublin.

In the event of the retirement of the present coroner for the City of London and Southwark, Mr. Serjeant Payne, it is the intention of his son, Mr. William John Payne, barrister, who has performed the duties of deputy-coroner for the last seventeen years, to present himself as candidate for the appointment.

THE production of postage stamps, which in France only amounted in 1849 to nineteen millions, increased in 1865 to four hundred and fourteen millions, and will reach four hundred and fifty this year. France is, however, still far from England, which was eight hundred millions.

It is stated that for eleven months neither rain nor snow has fallen at Pekin, and the greatest distress prevails in consequence in that part of China.

THE number of peers of parliament has increased since January 1 by fifteen, and has been diminished by seven. The additions have arisen, first from creations, of which there have been eight—viz., Duke of Edinburgh, Viscount Halifax, Barons Burrough, Hylton, Lytton, Penryn, Romilly, and Strathairn; secondly, by English titles having been conferred on six Irish peers—viz., Baron Clermont, previously Baron Clermont in the Irish peerage; Baron Brancepeth, previously Viscount Boyne; Baron Hartismere, previously Lord Henniker, M.P.; Baron Kenry, previously Earl Dunraven; Baron Monk, previously Lord Monk; Baron Meredith, previously Lord Athlumney, and, thirdly, by one peer becoming entitled to take his seat, having attained his majority—viz., the Duke of Hamilton. The Earl of Harrington, who would have become of age this year; he died shortly after the meeting of parliament. The total addition, fifteen peers, makes the number of peers of parliament, exclusive of thirty spiritual peers, 439; from which must be deducted three peerages which have become extinct—viz., Baron Bayning, Baron Glenelg, and Baron Ponsonby. The changes by succession have further diminished this number by four, the heirs of deceased noblemen being minors—viz., Viscount Clifden (sitting as Lord Dover), Lord Montagu, Earl Donoughmore (sitting as Viscount Hutchinson), and Lord Rivers. During the year twenty-three peers have died—viz., Marquises Camden and Lansdowne; Lord Bathurst, Chesterfield, Craven, Gainsborough, Harrington, Bessborough, Limerick (sitting as Baron Foxford), and Beauchamp; Viscount Clifden; Lords Bayning, Clinton, Glenelg, Northbrook, Montagu, Pitt Rivers, Ponsonby, Vernon, and Rivers. The Upper House, therefore, at present consists of 462 spiritual and temporal peers.

CHARLES DAVIS has been summoned to her Majesty the testimonial which was given him some time since by the noblemen, gentlemen, and farmers who have been accustomed to hunt with the royal pack. The *Windsor Express* states that the horse which was shot on the occasion of Davis's funeral was presented to him by the Prince of Wales.

We regret to hear that the state of Sir James L. Knight Bruce's health during the last week has been very unsatisfactory. Sir J. L. Knight Bruce has been a lord justice of appeal in Chancery ever since the creation of the office in 1851. He was made a vice-chancellor in 1841, and has therefore been a judge for the last quarter of a century. His resignation has caused the first change which has occurred for the last fourteen years among the permanent judges of the Court of Chancery; but we understand that several further changes will be made during next year, when the two junior vice-chancellors will complete the fifteen years service which entitles them to their pension.

Mrs. Winstow's *Soothing Syrup* for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child, and relieves the gums and allays all pain or irritation; it prevents the teething fever, and cholic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, which often result from teething; it is highly recommended by all the best and most experienced medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. *Full directions on the bottles.*—(Advertisement.)

MEDICAL HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Every family has its specific, but no thing can be more dangerous than the fallacy that one medicine will cure every disorder. Every drug and every compound has its office; beyond which it becomes mischievous, and to the recognition of this great truth which it becomes the unparalleled success of a medicine which, during an existence exceeding sixty-five years, has never met with disparagement. It is alluded to COOK'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, which have become one of the "household words" of the British nation.—(Advertisement.)

THE CHARGE OF RECEIVING STOLEN PROPERTY.

Moses Moses, described as a marine store and metal dealer, of 30, Gravel-lane, Houndsditch, was on Monday again charged at the Mansion House, before Mr. Alderman Finnis, with having in his possession, at his marine store warehouse, in Black Horse-yard, Aldgate High-street, a large quantity of jewellery, ivory, and various other kinds of valuable property, supposed to have been stolen.

John Blake, carman, was charged, on suspicion, with stealing two valuable saddles and harness, a quantity of books, and a portmanteau, the property of Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, which were found on the premises of the prisoner Moses, in Black Horse-yard, and which he is charged with receiving.

Mr. Wontner prosecuted for Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.; and Mr. Lewis, senior, defended the prisoner Moses.

Charles Brown, detective officer of the City police, deposed that on Sunday, Oct. 14, he assisted in searching the prisoner's (Moses) premises in Black Horse-yard. The name written up is "Moses Moses, dealer in marine stores." In the loft there were some bales of rags, which upon being moved two saddles were found, with the maker's name upon them, and marked "Captain Bradford, Canton." There were also stirrups, bridles, and other articles to match. In the same loft a new portmanteau was found, marked with the name of Southey as maker. The lock had been wrenched off, and the name-plate taken off. It contained five books—viz., a Catholic Bible, "Memoirs of C. Grammond," "Lays of Scottish Cavaliers," "The Crown of Wild Olive," by Ruskin, and "Burke on the Sublime." It also contained some boxes of collars, neckties, Kimmel's tooth powder, soap, gun oil, scent, refined gun oil, and Kimmel's hair wash. All those articles witness now produced.

Samuel Obee, a detective officer, said he assisted in searching the house of Moses, No. 30, Gravel-lane, Houndsditch. He found a bag behind the parlour door containing plated goods and metal. There was a brass plate engraved "Edmund Webb." That plate fitted the portmanteau which Brown produced, and corresponds with the place on the portmanteau from which a plate had been taken off. Witness took prisoner Blake into custody, and told him the charge against him. He said he lived at 4, Elizabeth-place, William-street, Shoreditch, but had been at a friend's in Holborn for a week. He was taken to the police-station.

Sergeant Moss said he was at the police-station when Blake was taken there, and told him the charge. He said he remembered taking some cases from Smith, Elder, and Co.'s, which had to go to the docks, and he took them the same day. Witness was present when the portmanteau, &c., was found. A quantity of plate had previously been found, and witness asked Moses if there was anything more, and he said there was not. As each article was found it was shown to Moses. Witness asked him where he got the portmanteau and saddles, but he evaded the question and never answered it. There was no entry in the prisoner's books relating to the things.

Mr. John Southey, jun., deposed that his father was a portmanteau maker in Watling-street. The portmanteau produced was made for Smith, Elder, and Co. Witness put the brass plate—on which was engraved "Edmund Webb"—on the portmanteau, which was delivered to Smith, Elder, and Co.

William Richmond said that he was in the service of Messrs. Whitney and Steggall, North Audley-street, saddlers, and made the saddles produced in August last. They were then forwarded to Messrs. Smith and Co., Cornhill, who were to send them to Captain Bradford, in Canton.

Frank Hatcher, in the same service, delivered the saddles to Smith and Co., in Cornhill, by direction of Mr. Richmond, the last witness.

Mr. Harris, of the firm of Scudder and Co., carmen, proved that he gave the things produced, which were received from Smith, Elder, and Co., to the prisoner Blake to deliver at the docks. The prisoner said he delivered the cases at the docks.

Both prisoners were committed for trial on this charge.

SHOCKING DEATH.—On Sunday morning Madame Schwabe, a German lady, aged 46, in affluent circumstances, residing at 79, Oxford-terrace, Paddington, committed suicide under the following dreadful circumstances:—A few minutes before ten o'clock the lady was noticed to fully open one of the bedroom windows on the second floor. After walking, in an excited manner, several times across the room, she got on to the window coping, and then precipitated herself upon the iron railings beneath. Her head came in contact with two nine-inch iron spikes, which snapped off, and at the present time remain in her head. Dr. Kerby and Mr. Langbourne, surgeon, were called in, and found that death had been instantaneous. It has been ascertained that she has for some time past been in a desponding state, and the inference is that she committed suicide when in a state of temporary insanity.

KILLING PIGS BY MACHINERY.—A large establishment, called "The Queen's," has recently been erected by Mr. J. S. Richardson, of Waterford, as his old premises were nearly out of lease, and it enabled him to avail himself of every modern improvement. His excellency the Lord Lieutenant, when he visited Waterford, went through and inspected this establishment, and was much pleased. A description may interest our readers. It may be said to be all on one floor, though on different levels. The live pigs as they arrive from the fair are accommodated in sties which hold from ten to twenty each, of which there are over 100 in the adjacent yards, and 1,000 pigs can be accommodated. They are usually kept without food for forty-eight hours, which allows them to recover from the journey, and improves the flesh. At the end of that time they are driven up an inclined plane to the slaughter-house. Operations commence at from one to three in the morning, as it is desirable to cool down the meat as quickly as possible. Each pig is hoisted by the hind leg, it being hooked on to a lever, which suspends the animal head downwards, and its throat is slit with a sharp knife; the blood caught in a receiver flows into an external tank, from whence it is carted away. The leg is then fixed to a hook, which slides on a round iron bar placed overhead on an incline. A push of the hand sends the dead pig with railway speed to the singeing furnace, a distance of thirty to fifty feet. Here it is taken by a crane, placed on a tramway, and run into the furnace, where the flame impinges on it, and in a moment all the hair is removed. The carcass is rebrooked by the leg, passes into another room, where it is disembowelled, the entrails being transferred to an underground region to be dealt with. The head is next removed, and then the backbone is cut out, thus dividing the carcass into two flitches, which pass, suspended on the round bars and without handling, into the cooling-room, where it hangs until the meat is firm. All these processes go on simultaneously, and are so rapid and well-managed that it is quite possible to kill, singe, and dispose of the flitches at the rate of 100 per hour. This is sometimes kept up for five, six, or even seven hours; on some occasions 700 pigs have been slaughtered and disposed of in this concern before breakfast on one morning.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MANSLAUGHTER.

On Monday, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the Prince of Wales Tavern, Harwood-street, Kentish-town, on the body of Septimus Hoskins, a surveyor, of 74, Prince of Wales-road, who was killed, as the jury found, by a blow given him by Richard Robert Parry, landlord of the Railway Tavern, at the corner of Harwood-street and the Chalk Farm-road, under circumstances of great provocation.

Mr. Wontner, solicitor, appeared on behalf of the friends of deceased; Mr. Thomas Beard, solicitor, of Basinghall-street, City, appeared to watch the case for Mr. Parry.

Septimus Hoskins, son of deceased, said: My father was sixty-four years of age. He was a surveyor. On Wednesday, the 10th of October last, I found him at home about ten minutes past six in the evening. His left eye was black, his head was hurt, and he had lost a tooth. He said, "Sep, I have been brutally ill-treated and half-murdered by the publican at the Railway Tavern." He said he went into the Tavern on Monday evening. The landlady wished to pass from behind the bar, and an old gentleman, seventy years of age, lifted the flap in the counter. My father placed his hand on the top of the flap. The landlady said the old man had insulted his wife, and ordered him out of the bar. My father said he did not think the old man had done anything of the sort, upon which the landlady ordered him out too. My father told me that as he was passing the house on the following Wednesday, he went in to endeavour to clear up the matter. High words ensued, and Mr. Parry struck him a violent blow from behind the counter; after which he jumped over the bar and hammered his head on the ground. My father died on Friday last, from, I believe, the injuries he had received at the hands of Mr. Parry.

Mr. Benj. Baillie, surgeon, who attended deceased, and made an examination of the body, said the appearance of the liver, &c., were those which would be exhibited by a drinking man, but death had been caused by an extravasation of blood on the surface of the brain, the undoubted result of recent violence.

Amelia Smith, 32, Chalk-farm-road, said that on Wednesday evening, the 10th of October last, between five and six o'clock, her attention was called by her servant to a disturbance at the Railway Tavern, next door to her. She saw the deceased trying to enter the public-house, and Mr. Parry trying to prevent him. The latter knocked deceased down by a violent blow in the face. Deceased lay insensible for a minute or two, after which he rose up. He had his shirt collar and necktie in one hand and with the other he held a handkerchief to his mouth. He walked up and down, and seemed as if he wished to re-enter the house, but witness did not know whether he did so or not.

Mary Price, servant of last witness, gave similar evidence to her mistress; but added that when Mr. Parry and Mr. Hoskins came out of the house they both had their hands raised.

Thomas Rogers, who keeps an oyster-stall outside the Railway Tavern, said he saw Mr. Parry turning deceased out of his house, and held the door for him whilst he did it. When they got outside deceased called Mr. Parry a vagabond, and Mr. Parry knocked him down. Deceased was endeavouring to strike, and said he would fight an hour. He seemed the worse for liquor. There was only one blow struck, and then Mr. Parry went indoors. Witness afterwards tried to persuade deceased to go away, but he would not.

Corroborative testimony having been given,

Mr. Beard called Richard Robert Parry (the accused), who, at his request, was sworn. He then said: I keep the Railway Tavern on Monday, the 8th of October, I had to turn deceased out of my house for grossly insulting my wife. On Wednesday, 10th, he came to the house about five o'clock in the evening, and called for half a quart of gin, I served him, and was going into the parlour, when he called me back, and asked me what business I had to turn him out of the house on Monday night. I said, "You insulted my wife; you were no gentleman for doing so, and if you had been a younger man I would have acted differently with you." He said I was a—infamous liar, and that he never touched my wife. I ordered him out of the house. He would not go. I jumped over the counter, and put him out. He called me a vagabond, and used more abusive language still. He raised my temper, so that I struck him, but only once.

The Coroner, in summing up, said the jury could do no other than return a verdict of "Manslaughter," according to the accused's own statement. The mitigating circumstances would have to be taken into consideration by another jury. He would just say that accused had made his statement in a very straightforward manner. After a short deliberation, the jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased died from the result of a blow given him under very great provocation by Richard Robert Parry."

The Coroner said that was a verdict of manslaughter against Mr. Parry, whom he thereupon committed for trial. Bail was accepted, however, two sureties of 50*l.*, and the accused being bound in a further sum of 50*l.* to surrender to take his trial.

THE NEW DEAN OF NORWICH.—The Earl of Derby has conferred the deanery of Norwich on the Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., perpetual curate of St. John, Paddington, prebendary of St. Paul's, and chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. Dr. Goulburn, who is the son of Mr. Edward Goulburn, sergeant-at-law, was born in the year 1818, was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was elected a scholar in 1835. In 1839 he took first-class honours in the school of Literæ Humaniores; and in 1841 was elected fellow of Merton College. Having for some time held a college tutorship in connexion with the incumbency of Holywell, he was elected in 1858 master of Rugby, in succession to Dr. Tait, who gave him his present preferment. He has likewise been one of the Bishop of Oxford's chaplains, and been a frequent and favourite preacher in that diocese and elsewhere. As recently as St. Luke's Day he was the preacher for the five societies in Norwich Cathedral. His loss in Paddington will be severely felt. In but few churches scarcely has it been so difficult to obtain sittings. The new church in the district of St. Michael, by the liberality of his friend Mr. Gibbs, has been built during his incumbency, and a new district erected. He is an eloquent preacher, and is the author of several books of divinity. The latest, "The Acts of the Deacons," has only just been issued. The appointment is one that will give satisfaction to the Church at large, Dr. Goulburn being a moderate and judicious, but thoroughly staunch Churchman, worthy to rank with Deans Hook, Goodwin, Duncombe, who were the previous nominations of Lord Derby.

THROAT DISEASE.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for Hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." So'd by all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

SHOCKING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

On Monday, Mr. C. St. Clare Bedford, coroner for Westminster, held an inquest at Westminster Hospital on the body of Edward Crossland, a carpenter, aged fifty-eight. William Pitt, of 36, Union-street, Lambeth-walk, said he had known the deceased, and worked with him for the last eleven years. He brought him to the hospital. He told witness, on the 10th of September last, that he had been bitten by a strange dog. He showed him the bite; it was through the thick part of the thumb and some of the fingers of the right hand. He took him to Dr. Edmunds, of Douglas-terrace, who said, "I will not have anything to do with this unless you bring a policeman." He then took him to Dr. Brookes, who said, "Go to Westminster Hospital immediately," but the deceased would not go. On the following day he went by himself, leaving the shop for that purpose, and on his return he said they had burnt it out. He attended the hospital again ten days afterwards, when he received some poppy heads to make a fomentation for his arm. He worked from day to day, but on Friday week he complained of a pain in his arm, and said he could not sleep all Saturday night. He went on until Wednesday morning week, when he said the pain had got to his shoulder. He sent for a pint of coffee, and when he tried to drink it he was seized with spasms, and was unable to do so. The witness held it for him to drink, but the effect was the same. He then lay down for two hours, and when he got up he said he felt very ill. Witness took him to Dr. Cripples, where a draught was prepared for him, but he was again seized with spasms on his attempt to drink. The witness then, upon advice, brought him to the hospital as soon as he could. Joseph Wybrow, a beer-retailer in Lambeth-walk, said he had known the deceased for thirty years. A little dog used to come in occasionally. He knew of no owner. On the 10th of September the dog came in covered with mud, it being a wet day, and ran under a seat in the tap-room. The witness looked at the dog, and found something the matter with it. The eyes were fierce and wild, and the tongue was hanging out of the mouth. A bricklayer then came in, named Cox. Witness said to him, "Can you kill a dog?" He replied that he could. He looked at the dog, and was also of opinion that there was something wrong with it. He got a cord, and was about to put it round the neck of the dog and hang it. The deceased, who had been drinking, then came in and said, "I'll pin him." He went on his knees under the table, and took the dog by the back skin of his neck and brought it a little way out. He then threw it on its side and pressed his knuckles into its throat, and pinned the dog to the ground. The dog struggled and got away. He made another grab at the dog, when it seized him and bit him about four times in the hand. Witness wanted him to wash the blood away, but he would not. The house-surgeon at Westminster Hospital said deceased was brought there about four o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon week. He appeared very excitable. The witness was told that about three months ago the deceased had been bitten by a dog, and on offering him drink he was very much terrified, and had a peculiar catch in his respiration, which are distinct symptoms of hydrophobia. He was immediately admitted and a blister was put upon his spine, and morphia administered. The nerves of the arm were also divided. The next day, before the evening, he went raving mad, and the following morning he died at a quarter past two. Mr. Holthouse, and other surgeons and physicians, visited the deceased. A post mortem examination had been made, and the spinal cord and nerves had been sent away to Dr. Lockhart Clark. The deceased died from exhaustion consequent on raving madness. The jury returned a verdict of "Death by hydrophobia caused by the bite of a dog."

EXPERIMENTS WITH A NEW GUN.—The Emperor Napoleon has lately had some experiments made in his presence with a new gun, which fires more than the minimum of twelve shots a minute at present required, and which has the great advantage over the Chassepot of costing no more than the old musket, that is to say, £1 8*s.*, while the needle-guns cost £2 17*s.* This weapon, of which the mechanism and management are very simple, will, it is said, be given to the artillery, whom the Chassepot does not very well suit. The new gun has this advantage for the artillery—that of having a larger bore, which is necessary for soldiers of this arm to repulse cavalry, against whom they are most often engaged.

DISASTROUS COLLISION ON THE MERSEY.—On Saturday night the steam tug Iron King, belonging to the St. George's Tug Company, of Liverpool, ran into the ferry steamer Syren, and both sank. It appears that the tug was steaming down the river close to and on the Liverpool side of the reformatory ships just as the 8.15 New Ferry steamer, the Syren, left the New Ferry stage. The Syren made the turn to cross for the South-end stage when close under the stern of the indefatigable training ship, and had then attained considerable speed. At this moment the Iron King was steaming at full speed just on the off side of the indefatigable. It appears strange that as the night was quite clear they did not sight each other; but they did not do so until too late, and the Iron King struck the Syren just in front of the paddle-box, causing a frightful rent in her side, and at the same time sustained fearful injuries herself. Both vessels began to fill, and as the Syren had between thirty and forty passengers on board great terror and confusion ensued. Very fortunately the training ships were near, and boats from the indefatigable put off and rescued the passengers and crews. The two vessels remained locked together, and in about half an hour both sank.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A FEMALE SERVANT.—At Canterbury, the county magistrates were for a long time engaged in investigating a charge of felony against a domestic servant, named Jane Elizabeth Attwood. The accused had been in the service of a tradesman at Herne Bay, but left without giving notice, a sum of £5 being immediately afterwards missed from a till in the shop. Information was given to the police, and the girl traced to a house in Norwood, where she was occupying apartments for which she was to have paid 17*s.* per week. The girl whilst there spent a lot of money in articles of finery, &c., and was unable to pay a fortnight's lodging which had become due, whereupon she wrote a letter to an assumed uncle, whom she represented to be a large farmer in the country, asking for assistance. This turned out to be a ruse. But the most remarkable part of the affair is that a document was found in the prisoner's possession by the police, recently written by her, having reference to her circumstances. "O Lord, I pity look down on me, one who now is bowed down with grief; in pity, Lord, send me all things that I may require. Heal, I pray you, the broken-hearted woman. Things I require—1 sack of flour, 1 score of fat pork, 1 ditto of salt beef, 6 pounds of sugar, 1 ditto tea, 1 ditto butter, 6 ditto cheese, 1 ditto candles, 1 ditto coffee, 2 sacks of patatas, 1 ton of coles, 1 hundred of wood, and 2 sovereigns to pay Mrs. Vinnal for her kindness." Mrs. Vinnal was the person in whose house she was lodging, and to whom she owed £2. Evidence was not forthcoming before the magistrates that the money expended by the prisoner was actually that the prosecutor had lost, and the accused was discharged.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.—RICHMOND CASTLE.

AMONGST the antiquarian and picturesque attractions of Yorkshire, the castle of Richmond occupies a prominent place. Its outward aspect is shown in our glyptographic sketch. Alan Rufus, son of Hoel, count of Bretagne, a kinsman of William the Conqueror, who accompanied him in his expedition to England, is generally stated to have been the founder of both the castle and town of Richmond. By some authorities the town is said to have been in existence prior to the Conquest. William conferred on Alan the title of Earl of Richmond, and the estates of the Saxon Earl Edwin, embracing nearly two hundred manors and townships, and a jurisdiction over all Richmondshire, about a third of the North Riding. In the situation of his castle, Earl Alan selected not only an eligible residence, but also a place of defence; its foundation was laid on an almost perpendicular rock on the left bank of the Swale, about one hundred feet above the bed of the river. The site contains about sixty acres, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. To the original buildings of the castle, additional walls, towers, and outworks were erected by the successors of the founder. The earls of Richmond enjoyed these possessions till they fell to the crown on Henry, earl of Richmond, becoming king of England by the title of Henry VII. Charles II bestowed the title of Duke of Richmond on his son Charles Lennox, in whose descendants the dignity continues. The walks round the castle present a succession of varied and romantic scenery. Swaledale is in many parts skirted with

TOWN SKETCHES.—THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

THIS Museum, which is situate in Jermyn-street, Haymarket, originated in a suggestion by Sir H. de la Beche, C.B., in 1835; for the collection of geological and mineralogical specimens during the progress of the geological survey of the United Kingdom. The collections were first exhibited in a house in Craig's-court, Charing-cross; but becoming too extensive for its accommodation, the present handsome edifice was erected, with entrance in Jermyn-street, and frontage in Piccadilly: Penethorne architect; style, Italian palazzo.

In the lower hall is a collection of British building and ornamental stones—sandstones, oolites, limestones, granites, and porphyries, in six inch cubes. The entrance is lined with Derbyshire alabaster; and the hall has pilasters of granite from Scotland, serpentine from Ireland, and limestones from Devonshire, Derbyshire, &c. On one side is an elaborate screen, with Cornish serpentine pilasters and cornice; and Irish serpentine panels framed with Derbyshire productions. Here is a large copy of an Etruscan vase cut in Aberdeen granite; and on the floors are a very fine tessellated pavement of Cornish clay, and examples of encaustic tiles; pedestals of British marbles support vases, and statuettes of artificial stone, cement, &c.

The principal floor has an apartment ninety-five feet by fifty-five feet, with an iron roof glazed with rough plate-glass. Around run two light galleries. Here are specimens of iron, copper, tin,

China stone, and other raw materials of earthenware and porcelain, are shown; and here is a complete series of the wares of the Staffordshire potteries; also, specimens of those of Derby, Worcester, Swansea, Chelsea, Bow, and other districts, in comparison with the earthenware of the ancients, the ceramic manufactures of Italy, Germany, France, and the Orientals.

In the galleries round the large room is a very complete collection of British fossils, arranged in the order of their occurrence and labelled, so that a collector may compare and identify any specimens he may find.

Attached to the Museum is the Mining Records Office, in which are collected plans and sections of existing and abandoned mines. Here also are a library and a lecture-theatre with 580 sittings. Lastly are well-fitted laboratories, communicating by a hydraulic lift with a fire-proof room on the basement-storey, containing an assay-furnace. The collections are open to the public gratuitously on the first three days of the week; and on the other three days to the students.

UNJUST WEIGHTS.—At a special sessions at Newington, sixty-eight tradesmen were fined for having in their possession unjust weights, scales, or measures. The list comprised twenty-five licensed victuallers and beer retailers, eleven chandlers, five butchers, eight bakers, one eating-house keeper, five coal and potato dealers, five grocers and cheesemongers, one fruiterer and fishmonger, two marine store keepers, one corn chandler, one woolstapler, one iron merchant, and one zinc worker. The fines



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—RICHMOND CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

bold rocks almost covered with trees and shrubs. From the hills on the north-west side of the town the castle and town seem to be situated in a valley. The ruins of the castle are still majestic. The bold Norman keep is almost entire; the walls are nearly one hundred feet high and eleven feet thick. It is the property of the Duke of Richmond. The dilapidations seem to be solely owing to the neglect of repairs.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has just issued an order to the superintendents of the various divisions of Metropolitan police, requiring them to send in the names of constables willing to proceed to Japan to form a mounted escort to her Majesty's minister at the British legation for the province of Jeddo.

A WATERLOO VETERAN AND HIS FATE.—"Many of our readers," says the *Dorset County Chronicle*, "no doubt have noticed the poor old man who acts as scavenger at Wareham, but have not generally known that he is one of the still surviving heroes of the battle of Waterloo. He is now seventy-five years of age, and almost past work, and has at present no prospect before him of ending his days elsewhere than the workhouse. The road surveyor has given him the best of characters. We observe with pleasure that a petition has been got up to help this really deserving man."

HER MAJESTY, at the instance of the Earl of Derby, has granted a pension to Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, in acknowledgment of his public and scientific services.

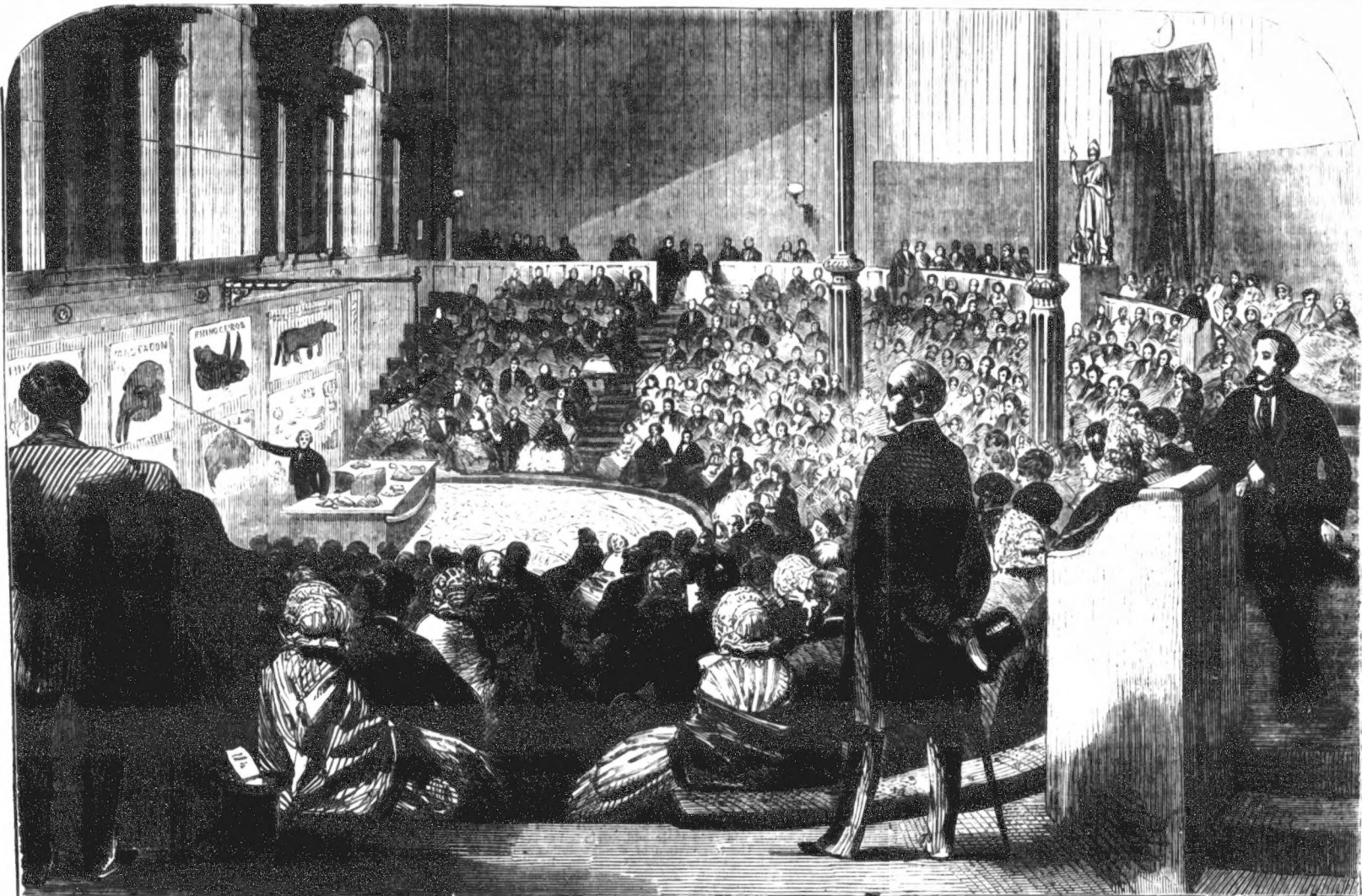
lead, manganese, antimony, cobalt, &c., of the United Kingdom and the colonies; also a good collection of similar ores from the most important metalliferous countries in the world. The processes of raising these from the mines are illustrated by an extensive series of models, with the modes of dressing the ores for the market, and the final production of the metal; mining tools, safety-lamps, &c.; including models of Taylor's Cornish pumping-engine, the water-pressure engine, the turbine and other wheels, and a beautiful set of valves. The models of mines can be dissected, and the mode of working shown; with the machines for lowering and raising the miners, models of stamping and crushing-engines, and iron-smelting by the hot and cold blast. Here, also, are tools of the Cornish, German, Russian, and Mexican miners.

The history of the metals may also be read in a collection of bronzes and brasses, and gold and silver ornaments; examples of metal casting and steel manufacture are shown; as are also metal statuettes, electrotype deposits, and illustrations of electro-plating and gilding, and photographic processes. Here is also a large and valuable collection of ancient glass, in beads, bottles, jugs, &c., historically arranged. The old Venetian glass is exceedingly curious. The processes of enamelling are illustrated; and here are specimens of fine Limoges, modern works, and Chinese enamels.

Next is a collection of Roman pottery. The China clays,

amounted to £121 15s. Curious to relate, one of the persons fined—a widow—rejoiced in the name of Virtue Innocent!—*South London Press*.

MURDER OF A SERVANT GIRL BY HER MASTER.—A small farmer at Penker (France), named Simon, has just been tried at St. Brieuc for the murder of his servant, Jeanne Lhostellier. The man being in embarrassed circumstances, borrowed, last April, from the woman a sum of 8*l.*, the fruit of her savings. He declined to have a written acknowledgment of the debt drawn up by a notary named Le Bras, under the pretext that he owed the latter some money and wished to keep the present transaction a secret, but in order to quiet the servant promised to marry her. A few days later, however, her body, bearing marks of death by strangulation, was found on a road at some distance from the farm, and had to all appearance been placed there during the night, as a medical examination showed that death had occurred three or four days before, and some children who had been playing at the spot on the previous afternoon had seen nothing of the corpse. Simon, on being questioned, at first said that the girl had quitted his service, and on traces of the blood which had issued from her nose and mouth being discovered in a loft, the accused said that she had committed suicide after a quarrel with his father. Those statements were, however, proved to be false, and a verdict of "Guilty" having been returned, the man was sentenced to twenty years' hard labour.



TOWN SKETCHES.—INTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, JERMYN-STREET. (See page 340.)

THE BRAZILIAN AND PARAGUAYAN WAR.

THE news from the River Plate is that after the capture of Curuzu preparations were at once made to transfer a portion of the main army of the allies to that place in order to assault the works at Curupaiti a little higher up the Paraguay.

The assault took place on the 22nd of September, on which day

9,000 Argentines were under arms at Curuzu, waiting the effect of the fire which five iron-clads, three gunboats, two bomb vessels, and three flats opened on the fort and the enemy's encampment from the morning of that day. At 11.30 the storming columns advanced and carried the first line of entrenchments under a most severe fire of musketry and grape from heavy guns in position and field pieces, but the inner line was of a most formidable character,

and after long continued but vain efforts to burn the abatis, located in the inundated land in front of the inner work, and the allied generals were obliged to recall their troops, retiring at three p.m. in tolerable order with their wounded, under an unceasing fire from the battery.

The loss in this miscarriage on the part of the allies amounted to 1,855 Brazilians killed and wounded in the army, and about an



THE BRAZILIAN AND PARAGUAYAN WAR.—CHARGE OF BRAZILIAN CAVALRY.

equal number among the Argentines. The fleet lost one killed and twenty wounded. The iron-clad Brazil and Tamandare had the exposed sides of their casemates severely battered, and the former had two guns dismounted. The other vessels received trifling injury. The loss of the enemy was unknown, but three 68-pounders were dismounted by the fire from the ships. A council of war was held on the 25th, but the decision came to be not yet known. While the attack was going on, General Flores, at the head of 6,000 made a successful charge on the other flank. (See illustration on previous page).

The French gun-boat Decidée was refused passage up the Paraguay.

The latest news from Paraguay says that the allies were repulsed with very heavy loss, three of the iron-clads being completely disabled. The allies were greatly in want of reinforcements, but men were scarce in the provinces. The falling state of the river would prevent further operations for some time. General Flores had returned to Monte Video with the remnant of his army.

A violent storm occurred on the River Plate during three days, and the river rose excessively; many small vessels sunk or capsized. The steam-ship Oriental was dashed ashore, and is a complete wreck.

SMOKING ON RAILWAYS.

In the Court of Queen's Bench on Monday was heard a case *Dover v. Towse*.

Mr. Serjeant Robinson said this was an action for an assault, tried at Guildhall before Mr. Justice Lush. The jury found on two issues for the plaintiff, but on the third and substantial plea they found for the defendant. The plaintiff and defendant were passengers in a railway carriage, and the assault in question arose in consequence of the plaintiff refusing to desist from smoking when requested by the defendant. The defendant by his third plea stated that the plaintiff having refused to desist from smoking, he thereupon to abate the nuisance necessarily assaulted the plaintiff. The learned serjeant contended that the plea was bad. It would never be held that if a man was annoyed he had a right to assault another.

Mr. Justice Mellor: Did the defendant use more violence than was necessary in preventing the smoking?

Mr. Serjeant Robinson: Yes; he knocked the cigar out of the plaintiff's mouth. There was no doubt a bye-law against smoking, and a provision how to abate it, but smoking in a railway carriage was not such an offence as to justify an assault. A stranger had no right to interfere as the defendant had done.

Mr. Justice Lush said the bye-law against smoking provided that the offending party after having been warned by an officer of the company "may be" removed.

Mr. Serjeant Robinson said the plaintiff was not warned by the company's servants, nor was the defendant one of the company's officers.

The Lord Chief Justice: If you get the verdict on a new trial, do you think you would get more than a farthing damages? Was it made a point at the trial that if the plaintiff had puffed the smoke in the defendant's face it would have been an assault? Some of the circumstances by which assaults are said to be committed are very subtle.

Mr. Serjeant Robinson said it was not. He could suppose the case where a puff of smoke in a man's face who was exceedingly ill might endanger life. But here all the defendant by his plea said was that he was annoyed by it. A man might be said to be annoyed in the street by a man smoking in front of him, but it was for him to get out of the way.

Mr. Justice Mellor said a man was bound to cease smoking in a railway carriage if it annoyed any one. A farthing damages would amply compensate in this case.

Mr. Justice Lush said there was no great violence used.

Mr. Serjeant Robinson said he believed no blows were struck other than by the defendant.

Mr. Justice Lush said the plaintiff's evidence was that the defendant struck him on the face, which had the effect of knocking the cigar into a lady's lap, and the fusée with which the plaintiff was lighting it into a gentleman's whiskers. (Laughter.) The lady's husband then took up the quarrel, and beat the defendant with his umbrella. (Laughter.)

The Lord Chief Justice said it would appear that the defendant got the worst of the beating. If the husband had a right to beat any one, he regretted he had not beaten the plaintiff, who was the smoker.

Rule granted.

CALAMITOUS FIRE AND LOSS OF THREE LIVES.—During Monday night and Tuesday morning seven fires occurred in different parts of the metropolis, which were attended with great loss of property and, unfortunately, one with the loss of three lives. One fire happened at Mr. Lazarus's, a clothier, 44, Hampstead-road. The discovery was made by a gentleman who in passing the building noticed the smoke in dense bodies pouring out of the front shop. He at once raised an alarm, and by some means a boy and an infant were rescued from the back of the building. The bystanders were then informed that the proprietor of the house and his wife were out, and that three children were still in one of the upper rooms. Conductors Hutchings and Summers entered the third floor, but the smoke was so hot and dense that the lamps of each became extinguished, and had it not been for the assistance rendered by one of the neighbours, Conductor Hutchings would have perished. Upon gaining his escape he reeled to and fro, being nearly suffocated, and he was obliged to be helped down his machine. The conductors again entered at another window, but they found the same difficulty of searching the room, as the smoke again put out their lamps, and they were at length obliged to give up the attempt as hopeless. Several of the land steamers quickly attended, and the engines were called into operation, but the fire could not be extinguished until the front shop was burned out, the front room on the first floor very severely damaged by fire, and the rest of the house injured by heat and smoke. As soon as the ruins were sufficiently cooled, Conductor Hutchings entered the place, and found Emanuel, Marian, and Sophia Lazarus, aged respectively ten, nine, and eight years; they were at once taken to the hospital, when it was discovered that on the road to that institution they had all expired. The fire was caused by an escape of gas. Mr. Lazarus was insured in the Phoenix and the Royal Fire-offices.

AUSTRIAN IRON-CLADS.—A letter from Trieste of the 1st says:—"During the last few days there have arrived here from Pola three Austrian iron-clad frigates—the Prince Eugene, Rodolph of Hapsburg, and the Ferdinand Max. The last named has since again put to sea. Those ships form part of the division to which is confided the guard of the Adriatic coast, which might be menaced by the agitators in the Illyrian peninsula. The Austrian coast, with the islands, formerly consisted of 1,500 miles; it is now used by 110 miles by the abstraction of Venetia."

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W. G.—"The Guide to the Law, for General Use," contains all the requisite information relative to masters and servants, apprentices, husband and wife, divorce, debtor and creditor, bankruptcy, parent and child, seduction and affiliation, bills and notes, contracts of every description, buy and sell, companies, partnerships, wills, executors and trustees, friendly and industrial societies, shipping and seamen, &c. &c. The clearness and accuracy of the work, the quantity of information contained in it, and its moderate price, fully account for the fact that a fourth edition is already on sale. It is published by Stevens and Sons, No. 26, Bell-yard, Lincoln's Inn, price 2s. 6d., post free.

LYDIA H.—All affections or diseases of the skin can be averted by the occasional use of a proper cutaneous medicine, and by the observance of certain rules of diet for which purpose we recommend the "Golden Book," published by T. Walter, No. 8, Grafton-place, Euston-square, price 4d., post free.

WILLIAM J.—You could not doubt obtain a divorce under the circumstances which you name. Send us your address and we will recommend you a respectable London solicitor practising in the Divorce Court.

ANONYMOUS (Dublin).—The portrait and memoir of Cardinal Cullen shall appear in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	M.	D.	M.	H. W. L. B.
10	S	Martin Luther born, 1483	...	3 30 3 46
11	S	24th Sunday after Trinity	...	4 3 4 17
12	M	Canute the Great died, 1035	...	4 33 4 52
13	T	Sun rises, 7h. 16m.; sets, 4h. 14m.	...	5 9 5 27
14	W	Loss of the President, 1841	...	5 47 6 8
15	T	Old Parr died, aged 152, 1635	...	6 32 6 59
16	F	First English Parliament, 1213	...	7 31 8 7

Moon's changes.—First quarter, 15th, 2h. 7m., p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Prov. 13; John 3. Prov. 14; 2 Thea. 2.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—11th, St. Martin, bishop and confessor (A.D. 397); 13th, Britius, bishop (A.D. 444); 15th, Machutus, bishop (A.D. 564).

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

DURING the American war there was a bitter outcry raised against the North for using explosive bullets which would burst inside the bodies of those whom they struck. The Prussians are just now attracting a good deal of admiration for an improvement upon this engine of torture as well as destruction. Herr von Dreyse is the hero who is being worshipped for his terrible inventions in general, and for this one in particular. It seems that while all the rest of the world was struck with astonishment at the havoc made by the needle-gun, Herr von Dreyse was astonished that it killed so few Austrians. He was dissatisfied and hurt in his mind that twice or thrice the number of enemies were not struck down by it. Accordingly he has set himself to work to remedy the defects in the old weapon, and has now, it appears, perfected a new one, which is likely when it is tried in battle to come up to his amiable expectations touching its lethal powers.

But the chief improvement is not so much in the gun as the bullet to put in it, and which on striking the object aimed at will explode into eight distinct fragments, so that a man may be literally blown to pieces alive, and the vital part of him left to linger in the most frightful agony for hours or days without any hope of recovery. This invention certainly goes far to remove the possibility of future disappointment on the part of its venerable projector, no less than to get rid of the usual complaints about the want of destructive precision in firearms. Let this explosive bullet strike where or what it will, it is sure to deal death, or what is far worse than death, around in every direction. When it strikes the ground, as it must do at last, it will explode, and kill or cripple anybody in its vicinity. The powers of this explosive bullet are well deserving attention. We have said it explodes into eight fragments; that is, it is a kind of miniature Armstrong shell, with the important difference of being warranted not to explode till the right moment, and with infallible and terrible precision. It appears that anything that will burn is as surely ignited by it, and everything that will burst as surely exploded, as by red-hot shot or shell thrown from a cannon. A magazine of powder would be blown up by one of these shots as surely as if fired by a train and spark in the usual way. Herr von Dreyse has also made a double-barrelled cannon which may be fired eight times a minute; and a new sort of gun-powder has been invented, which is described as a great improvement upon the old. Now let us look at the inevitable consequences of these inventions. We do not want to express any feeling one way or the other about the humanity or inhumanity of them, but simply to see the results to which they must inevitably lead. It is nonsense to suppose that these secrets, if they are secrets to the scientific experts of other nations, can long be kept, and if they could be kept ever so exclusively foreign experts would invent something equally efficacious for the purposes of destruction. The only reason why the needle-gun, or a weapon equally destructive, was not long ago adopted by other Powers besides Prussia, consisted in the apathy and routine which always stand in the way of improvements of the kind until some great disaster forces them on the authorities. The seven days' war ending at Sadowa thoroughly frightened all Europe, and there will probably now be as much eager and panic-stricken haste in adopting more formidable weapons of war as there formerly was supineness and supercilious indifference. Before the needle-gun was used in war by the Prussians, the Americans had invented and brought into use a better gun. But the drowsy, lethargic Governments of the Old World, fettered and enmeshed in red tape, did not profit by the discovery. It will, therefore, come to this—that in a very few years all the armies of the world will be armed with breech-loaders, shooting ten or a dozen times in a minute, and discharging explosive shot that will burst into something like an equal number of jagged, angular fragments inside the bodies of those whom they strike. In addition to this, we shall have the artillery of all the nations of the world consisting of double-barrelled cannon, which can be fired off with about equal rapidity. It is not merely the rapidity, we should observe, with which the large and small arms may be fired, but the terrible and unerring precision with which their shot and shell and explosive bullets may be sent to their destination. We need not here go into the details of the machinery for securing this precision; suffice it to say that the result is terrible to contemplate.

The first day of Term, the beginning of the legal year, was signalized by many incidents, not common enough to be passed over without remark. There were new judges to be seated on the bench, and lesser dignities to be taken possession of, and an unusual crowd accordingly thronged about the procession which the Lord Chancellor headed in Westminster Hall. But the most extraordinary aspect presented by this great law anniversary was the formidable concourse of the Bar assembled to represent or oppose petitions for the winding up of public companies. In some instances the desired orders were made, in others refused, while in several the judgments of the courts were postponed. To a commercial and speculative community, however, the spectacle must have a strange interest of so many joint-stock enterprises upon the limited principle or otherwise, being impeached even before getting into the full swim of the business expected. Saturday's list was nothing less than stupendous. It included the Smith, Knight, and Co., London and Mediterranean Banking, Pneumatic Dispatch, Freehold Land, Orkneyhaven, Charles Lafitte and Co., Financial, Marlborough Club, Petroleum, Saloon Steam-packet, Portuguese Contract, National Finance, Colonial and General Gas, Ottoman Finance, Accidental and Maritime Insurance, National Coal, Richmond-hill Hotel, Inns of Court Hotel, and Brighton Club and Norfolk Hotel companies, the London and African Trading Association, and the Imperial Land Credit and Asiatic Banking Corporations. The catalogue may well take away our breath; but it is as interesting, one to study. That a vast amount of capital has thus been lost or imperilled is, sure; that a mass of valuable property has been created out of it, and exists, is equally certain; but who shall measure the extent of miscalculation, or ignorance, or waste, or jobbery, represented by these total, partial, or suspected failures? Looking over the record of complete or threatened collapses, we find very few visionary projects among them. In no country of the world, Italy not excepted, was banking ever carried on more prosperously than in the United Kingdom. Yet there are three banking organisations in this little black book, besides three financial associations. Excepting some States of America we are the equals of any nation in the use we make of hotels, among which not a few return enormous profits to their proprietors, but three joint-stock hotel companies figured in the courts on Saturday, of them having started with the fairest prospects. Land, gas, earth-oil, and coal, insurance, and steam traffic, and local improvement

schemes are all much in favour generally, and still we see them toppling over, and crumbling out of sight, or dragged through a merciless process of litigation, to come out again in new hands in a new shape, leaving the way paved with gold for the lawyers to pick up. In one case as many as ten counsel appeared, and the result was an immediate winding-up order. It would be idle to guess at the entire cost of these proceedings, at the sums of squandered money they suggest to the imagination, at the private loss, significant in many instances of ruin, of which they tell. The question is even more difficult—Why so sweeping an onslaught by shareholders upon their own speculations? The *Saloon Packet Company* explain that the unhealthy state of the river banks has had to do with their disappointments; the *African Trade Association* allege the feverish and disturbed condition of the coast where their commerce was expected to be opened up; but, as a rule, the meaning of these breakdowns is that their promoters have imperfectly estimated the cost of their undertakings, been too sanguine about their profits, or misapplied their expenditure. That is the plain and broad truth, which cannot be concealed. Architects and contractors have it all their own way with railway stations and monster hotels; managing boards buy up goodwills at exorbitant rates; out-going proprietors reap the early harvest of good things, and when the affair ought to begin working it is brought to a standstill by the fact of an empty treasury.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE.—The display of chrysanthemums in the gardens both of the Inner and Middle Temple promises to be excellent this year. There is a great variety of the "incurred," or those having the petals turned inward; the "reflexed," with the petals curved in the opposite direction; and the "anemone-flowered," with a guard or fringe of reflexed or quilled petals, and a centre like a German aster. They are of almost every conceivable variety of size and colour, and the pompones seem to have been cultivated with great care. The best specimens in the Inner Temple garden are ranged along the north side, and are carefully protected by canvas; in the Middle Temple garden they are for the most part on the east side. Mr. Broome and Mr. Dale, the head gardeners, are tending their flowers with watchful care, and will in due time admit the public to an inspection of them.

A NEW GUNPOWDER.—G. A. Neumayer, of Doblitz, near Leipzig, originally a blacksmith by trade, has invented a new gunpowder, which, by experiments made at Harsfurt, Zwickau, Leipzig, and Bouchet, near Paris, has been proved to possess the superior advantages of not exploding so long as the air has access to it, with acting with greater force in an airtight enclosure, and of leaving less residuum than the ordinary powder, and of producing less and more even smoke. In the Mansfeld mining operations, where it is largely employed, the smoke emitted has been ascertained not to exercise any injurious influence whatever on the health of the miners. An additional recommendation is its being cheaper than the ordinary powder. M. Neumayer has taken out patents in England, France, Belgium, and Holland, and is at this moment in treaty with the French Government for a sale of his patent in that country.

THE GOSPEL OF THE RIFLE.—Garibaldi has just written the following letter to M. Lorigiola, who had communicated to him a plan for a rifle meeting at Padua:—"My dear Lorigiola,—Bravo! I compliment you, and wish you every success in the realisation of your project. The people should be made to understand, once for all, that the carbine ought to be the gospel of the nation, and that only when well exercised in the use of that arm will they be able to say proudly, 'We are Italians.' Continue, and I will aid you with all my power.—Entirely yours, G. GARIBALDI."

GRAND OCEAN YACHT RACE.—The New York Yacht Club are now making arrangements for a grand ocean yacht race to take place next year. It is intended to start about thirty-four yachts from New York for Havre. They will be all American built, and the builders, according to the last accounts, have their hands full. The majority will be of wood, though we understand a few will be constructed of iron plates. Mr. Bennett, jun., of the *New York Herald*, is having a yacht built of about 200 tons for this contest.

THE MILITARY LEADERS IN THE LATE WAR.—The civil tribunal of Munich was called on last week to try M. Zandler, editor of the *Volksbote*, charged, with having defamed the military honour of M. Von der Thann, chief of the Bavarian staff during the late war, by accusing him of incapacity. The evidence of the witnesses contained some curious disclosures. At Kissingen the Bavarians had removed only the planks of a wooden bridge, and all that the Prussians had to do in order to cross safely was to put down others, which they found in a warehouse close by. The heights round Kissingen were not provided with artillery, so as to have rendered the capture of that town impossible by the Prussians, although there were several Bavarian batteries not far off perfectly inactive. Witnesses belonging to the place detailed how they had called the attention of the officers to the sites from which the Prussians would be able to command the positions of the Bavarians. M. Von der Thann and the other officers were without maps of the country, and had to buy or borrow them in the places they passed through. In short, all the details of the evidence on both sides were of a nature to produce the conviction that, if the Bavarians were beaten, it was because their leaders desired it, thus confirming the words of a Prussian soldier reported by one of the witnesses, "M. von der Thann will do us no harm; he has always been the friend of the Prussians." M. Zandler was acquitted amidst the loudest applause of the public, and as the verdict is considered equivalent to a moral condemnation of the Bavarian military chiefs, these latter retire. Prince Charles had already resigned his post, as has been mentioned, and M. von der Thann is said to be about to follow his example.

PIN SWALLOWING.—On Saturday morning last Mrs. Catherine Rawling, of the Quay, Penzance, was hanging out clothes to dry, and had made a pin repository of her mouth, when she was suddenly called to come in to her baby, and turning, seventeen pins slipped down her throat, most of them lodging in her gullet. Between the sense of choking, the pain, and the fright, she was soon half dead. Neighbours came to her assistance, and one of them, Mrs. Michael Roberts, resorted to the old-fashioned, but in this case efficacious, method of persistently slapping the patient's back. In the course of two hours fourteen pins were slipped up and three down, but beyond the pain and irritation of the throat, no unpleasant results have yet followed.—*Cornish Telegraph*.

FIFTY PIANOS. from 10s the Month, for Hire, by Erard, Collard, Broadwood, &c. Several Cottages for Sale, at 12s. Useful pianofortes, from 3s. Installments taken. Harmoniums, Harps, &c. Trade supplied.—At 89, High Holborn (side door).—[Advertisement.]

The Court.

It is the intention of the Prince and Princess of Wales to honour Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M.P., and Lady Caroline Kerrison with a visit for a few days at Oakley Park early in the ensuing month.

The Queen of Denmark, Princess Thyra, and Prince Waldemar, took leave of the Prince of Wales on Saturday morning, and attended by Countess Reventlow, M. de Custenschild, M. Jantzen, left Marlborough House for Dover en route for Copenhagen.

The Princess of Wales, with the Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor and General Knollys, in waiting, attended Divine service.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor, General Knollys, and the Hon. Mr. Stonor, arrived at Sandringham on Monday afternoon.

Her royal highness will continue at Sandringham for a few days, the Duchess of Cambridge remaining her royal highness's guest; and next week the Princess of Wales is expected to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle.

GARIBALDI AND THE GLASGOW ST. ANDREW SOCIETY.—This society some time ago unanimously elected Garibaldi to be an honorary member. In acknowledgment of his election, the Italian hero has just written to the society in these terms:—"Brothers, I am proud to belong to you." The society at the same time voted an address to its distinguished member. The address was contained in a basket, richly ornamented, made from the wood of the "Wallace Oak," generously bestowed for that purpose by Mr. Speirs, of Elderslie. The following answer to the address has just been received, addressed to the president of the society:—"Capra, Oct. 5, 1866.—Generous Friends,—William Wallace, the greatest of the sons of the people, the heroic champion of Scottish liberty, is certainly the name that I worship among the great names given by ancient history. The soil which produces Wallaces cannot be trampled by foreign invaders, and such was Scotland at all times. May God bless her. The most precious heritage left to my children will be the casket of the Wallace Oak, and for which I consecrate an eternal gratitude, and am for life yours,—G. GARIBALDI."

ENGLISH THIEVES IN FRANCE.—Two English thieves, who had already made many victims among jewellers in different towns of France, have just been arrested at Lyons. Three days previously they had called at a shop at Marseilles, and, while pretending to examine different articles, stole from the window a valuable diamond necklace, and then, after ordering certain articles and giving a false address, made off. The jeweller discovered the robbery shortly after, and gave information to the police, but although the approaches to the railway-station were watched, nothing was seen of the men, as they had probably left the town. A description of them was, however, sent to the principal shops of the same kind in the largest towns of France, and lately a tradesman of Lyons having observed two men like those described hovering near his shop, gave information to the police, and agents were set to watch them. The men, finding they were observed, attempted to get away by entering an omnibus, and on the vehicle being stopped one of them leaped from the top and tried to escape by running off. They were, however, both captured, and their trunks at a hotel having been searched, the diamond necklace was found. The jeweller from Marseilles having been sent for did not however at first recognise the men, although they acknowledged that they were the parties who had visited his shop. The men are believed to be connected with two extensive jewel robberies at Geneva and Frankfurt.

A FACTORY DISEASE.—In the recently issued reports by inspectors of factories attention is called to a curious form of disease which has appeared in some of the flax-mills at Belfast. It is thus described by a Belfast physician:—"In Belfast, a very painful malady is prevalent amongst the mill-workers, more so, I think, than in any other places—I mean 'onychia maligna.' The subjects of it believe that it is mainly caused by having to stand, whilst at work, in the water which drops from the spinning frames. They usually get a knock upon one of their toes, which inflames; the nail drops off, and an exquisitely painful ulceration, with reproduction of a deformed nail, follows. They are thrown out of work, and it is only by a severe operation and protracted treatment in hospital that they are finally cured. Last year, in the general hospital, out of 1,300 cases, we had thirty-eight cases of onychia; several, however, were relapses." This painful disease, it is said, occurs much more frequently in Ireland than in England, because in the Irish flax-mills the men and girls work barefoot all day, "with the water from the flyers dropping upon them."

CHARGE OF HOUSSING AND ROBBERY.—Catherine Welsh, 21, and Jane Haley, 18, were charged with robbing Ann Penrice of a silver watch. Prosecutrix said she had lately come up from Suffolk, and was staying with an aunt in Bournemouth. On the 15th ult. she had been on a visit to a friend at Chelsea, and on getting into the Borough missed her way. Seeing the prisoners near London-bridge, she asked them to put her right, when they said they were going the way she wanted, and would accompany her. As they passed along Tooley-street, Welsh asked her to treat them, and at their solicitation she entered a public-house and called for a shilling's worth of brandy and water and some ale. After she had drunk a little she became partly unconscious, but she saw Welsh snatch her watch from her, breaking the hair guard. Both of them then ran off. She followed as well as she could, and, informing a constable of her loss, he pursued the prisoners. Police-constable Birch, 237 M, said he was on duty in Crucifix-lane, when he heard cries of "Police." He proceeded in the direction of the railway arch, when he came up with the prisoners, who had been running hard. Prosecutrix then pointed them out as having robbed her of a watch. He seized Welsh, who dropped the watch belonging to prosecutrix. With the assistance of another officer both prisoners were secured and conveyed to the station-house. He considered prosecutrix was quite sober, but appeared to be labouring under the effects of some drug. In answer to the court, prosecutrix said she did not go into several public-houses with the prisoners. Prisoners denied the accusation, and Welsh said the watch was handed to her by prosecutrix to take to a pawnbroker's and raise money on, and as she was taking it to the pawnbroker's the officer stopped her. Prosecutor denied that she gave Welsh the watch, but that it was snatched from her person as described. After a careful summing up by the chairman, the jury acquitted Haley, but found the other prisoner "Guilty," when she was sentenced to three months' hard labour.

EXCELSTON PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

THE QUEBEC FIRE.

The first meeting of the committee formed for the purpose of raising a fund for the relief of the sufferers by this terrible calamity, was held on Saturday at 21, Old Broad-street; George G. Glyn, Esq., M.P., in the chair.

The chairman stated that so extensive and rapid was the havoc made by the conflagration, that in twelve hours 25,000 persons, all belonging more or less to the poorer classes, and forming about one-third of the entire population of Quebec, were rendered homeless and penniless. From the last accounts received the utmost distress prevailed, the magnitude of the disaster being such that the local charity was quite unable to cope with it.

The following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—"Resolved,—That this meeting, deeply sympathising with the sufferers by the disastrous conflagration that took place at Quebec on the 14th of October, by which thousands of our fellow-countrymen were rendered utterly destitute, do make an appeal to the British public on behalf of the sufferers." "Resolved,—That Messrs. Barings and Messrs. Glyn be requested to place themselves in communication with the authorities at Quebec upon this subject, and to remit to them the subscriptions as they come in." "Resolved,—That Messrs. Glyn and Co., and Messrs. Coutts and Co. be requested to receive subscriptions for the Quebec Fire Fund, which may also be sent to the honorary secretary at No. 21, Old Broad-street, or to any member of the committee."

The honorary secretary announced that subscriptions to the amount of £2,684 had been already received, and that he had that day sent a message by the Atlantic Cable, which that company had forwarded gratis, to the Mayor of Quebec, authorizing him to draw £1,500 more upon the bankers on account of the fund being raised in this country for the relief of the sufferers.

The meeting then adjourned.

On pages 344 and 345 we give a large engraving of the city of Quebec, prior to the conflagration.

It occupies the extremity of a ridge, terminating in the angle formed by the junction of the two rivers, in the point called Cape Diamond, rising to the height of nearly 340 feet above the St. Lawrence. The Cape is surmounted by the citadel; and the town extends from it, principally in a north-east direction, down to the water's edge. It is divided, from the difference of elevation, into the upper and lower towns. The old town, which lies wholly without the walls, partly at the foot of Cape Diamond, and round to the St. Charles, had narrow and dirty, and, in parts, steep streets. We say *had*, for the principal part of it was destroyed in two tremendous conflagrations in May and June, 1845. And to these fires must now be added the one that so recently occurred, the particulars of which we gave in our last.

Though built of stone, the houses which were burnt down were mostly roofed with shingles; and to this the extent of the destruction occasioned by the fires in question is principally to be ascribed. In rebuilding the town care has been taken to have the streets properly laid out, widened, and otherwise improved. The ascent from the lower to the upper town is by a winding street, and by flights of steps. The streets in the latter, though narrow, are generally clean, and tolerably well paved, or macadamised. The public buildings, and most of the houses in it, are roofed with tin plates.

Quebec is very strongly fortified, and may, in fact, be called the Gibraltar of America. The citadel over Cape Diamond includes an area of about forty acres; and is formidable, alike from its position and its works, constructed on a gigantic scale, and on the most approved principles. The line of the fortifications, which stretches nearly across the peninsula on the west, and runs along a ridge between the upper and lower towns, is intersected by five gates, and has an inner circuit of about two and a half miles. Beyond the ramparts, on the west, are the extensive suburbs of St. Roch, St. John, and St. Louis.

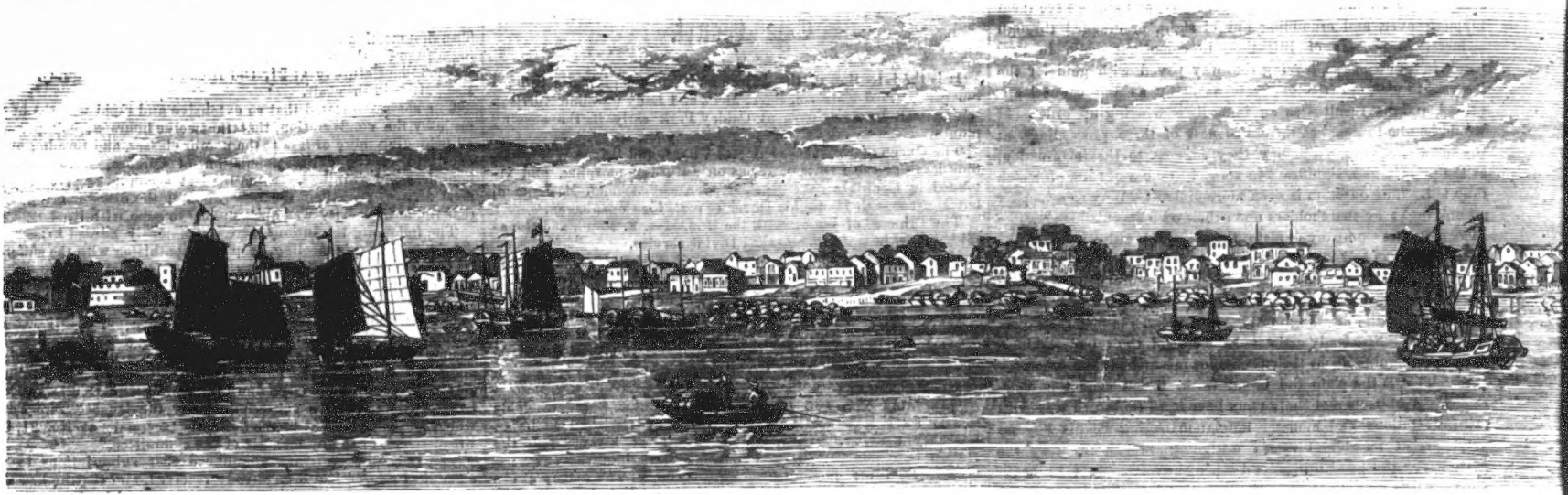
The public buildings are substantial, rather than elegant.

THE CITY AND RIVER OF CANTON.

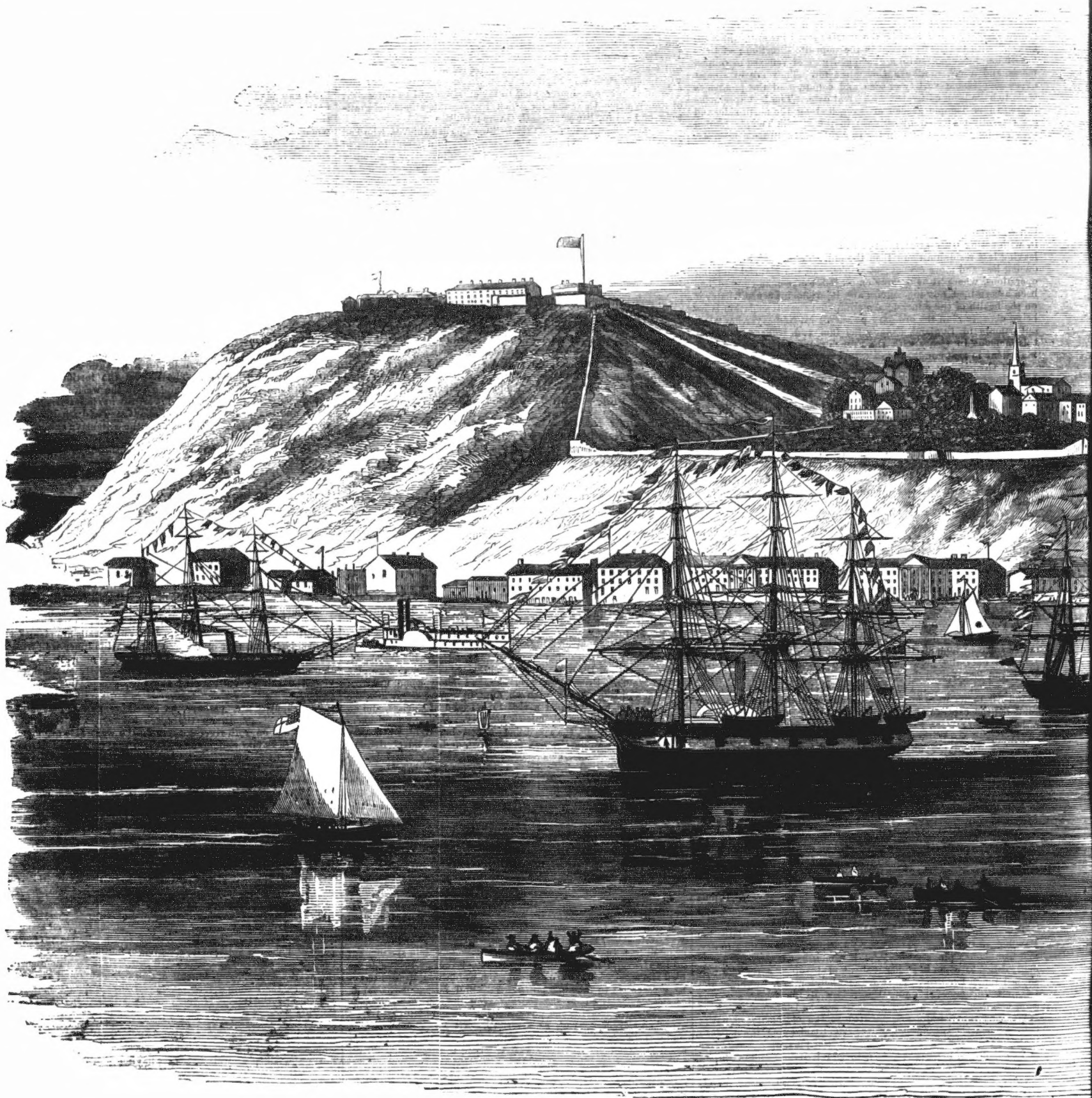
On pages 344 and 345 will be found a panoramic view of Canton, which is called by the Chinese Sang-Ching, the provincial city. It is nearly square, about six miles in circumference, built generally upon level ground, except on its north side, and is divided into two equal parts, the outer, or Chinese, and the inner, or Mantehou (Tartar) city, which are surrounded by one wall, and separated by another. The walls are partly of sandstone and partly of brick, about twenty or twenty-five feet thick, and from twenty-five to forty feet high. A line of battlements, with embrasures at intervals of a few feet, raised on top of the walls all round, are in some places mounted with cannon. The city is farther defended by three forts on the land side, and two on Pearl River; but as a place of strength Canton is insignificant. The outer walls are pierced with twelve gates, and four others lead through the inner wall from the old to the new city; all of these are daily opened at dawn, and shut at an early hour of the evening, and strictly guarded, to prevent the exit or entrance of any one, except upon special occasions.

The suburbs are, perhaps, as extensive and populous as the city itself. They fill up the space between the walls and the water's edge on both rivers; those on the west side are much the largest. The city and suburbs are laid out in a precisely similar manner. Streets numerous, and generally short and crooked, though sometimes of considerable length. They vary in width from about two to sixteen feet, but are commonly from six to eight feet wide, paved with little round stones, and flagged, close to the houses, with larger ones, chiefly of granite. Each is closed by strong gates, secured and guarded at night; and streets of business are each devoted to one distinct branch of trade. Several canals, used for the conveyance of passengers and goods, intersect the city and suburbs. Two of the largest run outside of the east and west walls, and communicate by a third, which passes through the new city. Several smaller ones branch off from these on either side: they are crossed in many places by stone bridges.

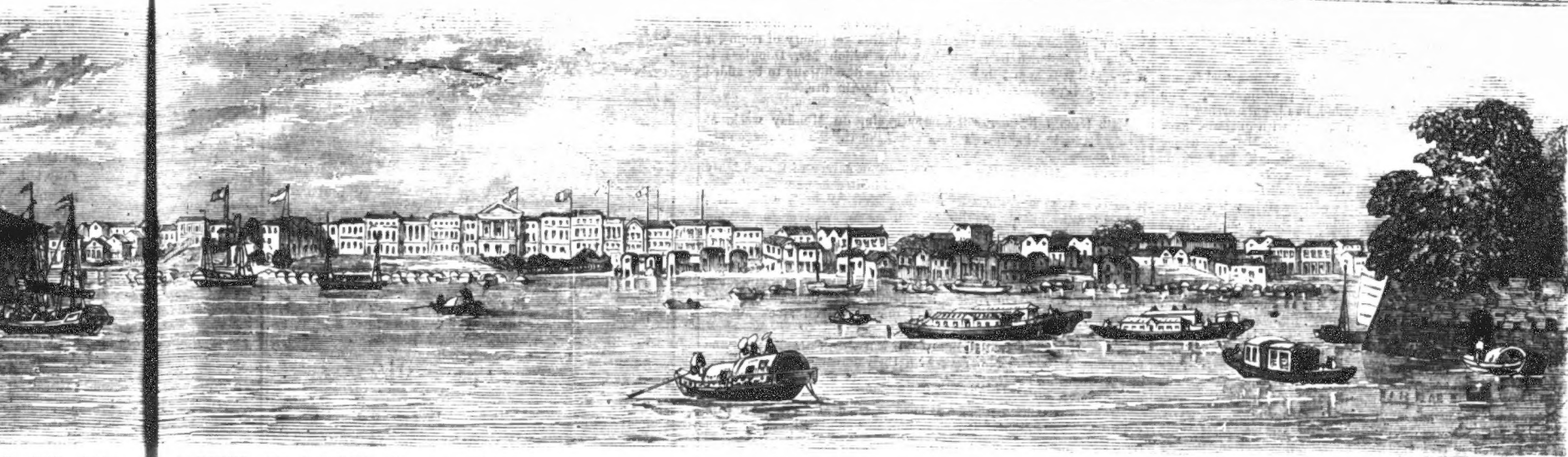
THE LOVERS' GRAVE.—The following strange story is going the round of the French journals:—"M. de R—, having acquired a fortune in business, retired to a handsome property he possessed near Fontainebleau. Soon after, his daughter Julie, twenty-one years of age, was asked in marriage by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, and in spite of her opposition and avowed repugnance the wedding took place. In the evening the bride was missed, and the result of the researches made was only to find that the groom's man, who had been a friend of the young lady's from infancy, had likewise disappeared. The father, like every one else, believed in an elopement, and all the usual means were employed to trace the fugitives, but unsuccessfully. This occurred five years ago; and M. de R— having lately purchased some adjoining property, on which was a quarry long out of use, set some men to work, who found at the bottom of an old excavation two skeletons, which, from the remains of the clothes and the jewels, were recognised as the missing bride and her lover."



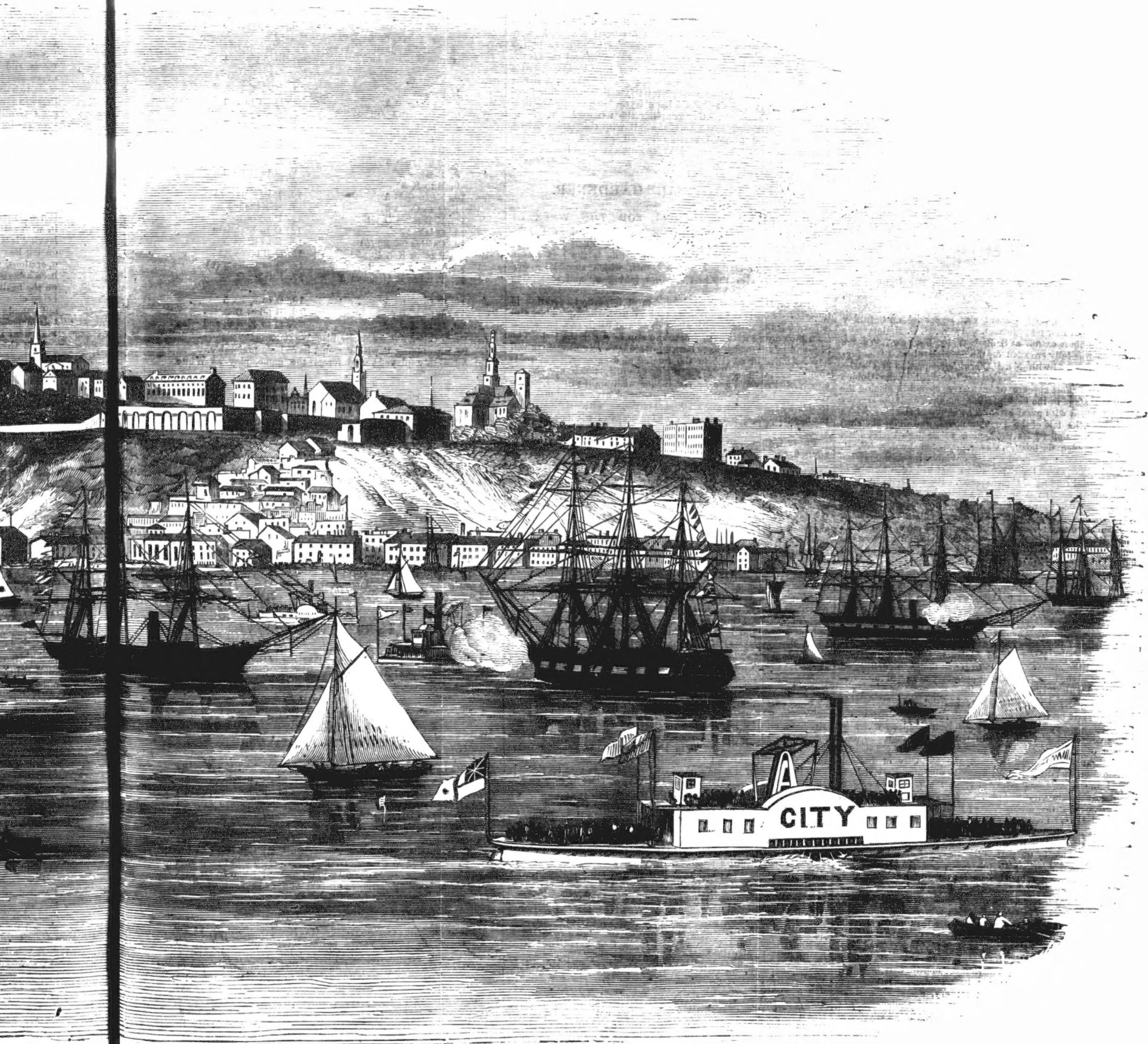
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY AND



THE CITY AND CITADEL OF QUEBEC PRIOR



OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR OF CANTON. (See page 343.)



OF QUEBEC PRIOR TO THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION. (See page 343.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—This establishment, as announced in our last, opened on Saturday for a brief series of performances. The "Titians Touring Party," as it was called, has been starring it in the provinces for the last eight or ten weeks, with extraordinary success. The "party" comprised, as principals, Mdlle. Titiana, Mdlle. Simio, Mdlle. Anne Drasdil, Mdlle. Wiziak, Madame de Meric-Labache, Signora Morini, Cassier, Foli, Bossi, Mr. Tom Hohler, Mr. Santley, and Signor Mario—all, excepting the last named, belonging to the company proper of Her Majesty's Theatre. All the above singers, with the exception of Signor Mario, have been impressed for the current season of operatic performances in the Haymarket, and will appear in due time. On Saturday M. Gounod's "Faust" was given as the inaugural representation. In this Mdlle. Titiana shines supreme; nor did the great artist ever sing more magnificently, or create a profounder impression, than on Saturday evening. Considering that Mdlle. Titiana has been worked incessantly throughout this year the preservation of her voice is something marvellous. Signor Morini, the new tenor, appeared for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, and made a decidedly favourable impression as Faust. He was the original when M. Gounod's opera was first produced at the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris. Signor Morini is not, as his name would impart, an Italian, but a Frenchman. His voice is *tenore robusto*—though, like Signor Mounini in some of the highest notes, Signor Morini sometimes makes use of the *falsetto*—powerful and firm in tone, and generally well in tune. As an actor, Signor Morini has undeniable merit. His actions are free and forcible, and his deportment easy and natural. On the whole, Signor Morini may be reckoned a decided acquisition to Mr. Mapleson's company. Of Mr. Santley's Valentine nothing need be said, excepting that it was as grandly sung as ever; nor need we dwell on the merits of Signor Cassier's Mephistopheles; nor on those of Madame de Meric-Labache's Siebel. Mdlle. Bauernmeister was decidedly acceptable in the small but important part of Martha. Signor Arditi held the post of generalissimo, and of course had a warm and hearty reception on his entrance into the orchestra. The other operas have been "Norma," on Monday, "Der Frieschutz," on Tuesday, and "Don Giovanni," on Wednesday morning. The interior of the theatre has undergone a great change in the removal of all the boxes on the stage, and the advancement by several feet of the curtain towards the foot-lights. There was a very large attendance, the amphitheatre and gallery, more particularly, being crowded in every part.

HAYMARKET.—A new comedy, entitled "A Dangerous Friend," has been produced here with tolerable success. Being an adaptation from the French, it does not come so thoroughly home to English life and morality as the majority of comedies brought out at the Haymarket. The gist of the plot turns upon the dangerous friend endeavouring to seduce his friend's wife. The comedy is well placed on the stage, and the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Miss Nelly Moore, Mrs. Chippendale, Mrs. Lowe, Miss C. Hill, and Messrs. Howe, Kendal, and Gordon, is all that can be desired.

ASTLEY'S.—This establishment was re-opened on Saturday evening last under new management. Mr. W. H. C. Nation, who recently held a short season at Sadler's Wells, has now taken the house, which was fully crowded on the opening night. The performances commenced with Mr. H. Farnie's adaptation of Charles Dickens's novel "Our Mutual Friend," entitled "The Golden Dustman." No effort appears to have been spared in placing the drama on the stage in the best possible manner, and the scenery has been produced with great care. The action of the play, which closely follows the tale of the popular novel, was duly sketched out when we first noticed its production at Sadler's Wells. Mr. Boffin, "the golden dustman," was represented by Mr. W. H. Stephens, who having achieved a most enviable reputation at the Antipodes, fully equalled the expectations that had been formed of him by his skillful reading of the character. He was well supported by Mrs. Caulfield as Mrs. Boffin. Mr. Fernandez made a very good Bradley Headstone. Mr. Atkins, as the wooden-legged ballad-seller, literary friend of Mr. Boffin, and finally villain of the piece, was excellent in every respect. Miss Fanny Gwynne, who originally played the part of Bella Wilfer at the Wells, now appears as Lizzie Hexham. The remaining characters were sustained by Miss Brecknell, Miss Nelly Nisbett, Miss Nelly Burton, Messrs. W. T. Richardson, Branch, Walter Joyce, T. C. Harris, Wrench, W. Arthur, Smithson, Craig, and W. Harris. The concluding piece was Talfourd's burlesque of "Atalanta; or, the Three Golden Apples." Mr. W. H. Stephens, as Schoneus, played with spirit. Miss Nelly Nisbett, as Hippomenes, showed herself at home in the part she had to perform. The character of Narcissus was entrusted to Miss Madeline Percy, who has a dashing manner, and sings distinctly. Miss Polly Marshall, as Atalanta, sustained her part admirably, and the other characters, so far as they were delineated—the lateness of the hour rendering it necessary to curtail the piece, —were played with liveliness and spirit.

CITY OF LONDON.—It is highly gratifying to know that Mr. Douglass, late of the Standard Theatre, has already found a means of actively employing the very excellent company which he had gathered round him at the ill-fated theatre, and who were thrown out of employment owing to its destruction by fire. On Saturday night Mr. Douglass opened the old City of London Theatre, in Norton Folgate. The house has been entirely redecorated, and the theatre was crowded from the pit to the ceiling. Mr. Douglass was called for, and on his appearance warmly cheered. The first piece was the drama "King Rene's Daughter," written by the Hon. Edmund Phipps. The piece has nothing of the sensational about it, but tells a quiet, simple, and interesting story, and was well received. Miss Sarah Thorne as Iolanthe, the King's blind daughter, by the pathos she displayed and the grace of her acting, contributed largely to the success of the performance, and she was admirably supported by Mr. Walton as Count Tristram de Vaudemont. Mr. Hamilton as the King, and Mr. Nelson as Abn Ja'ia, the Moorish physician, played their parts satisfactorily. The burlesque of "Der Frieschutz," which was first produced at the Standard Theatre the night before the fire took place, was the second piece; and, considering the disadvantages the management must have been under, the shortness of time that has elapsed since the beautiful dresses that were worn on the Saturday night were reduced to tinder by the fire of the Sunday morning, it is indeed surprising how the burlesque could be put upon the stage on Saturday night, with such excellent scenery, costumes, and appointments as were presented before the crowded audience. The burlesque was played with spirit and smartness, and as successful and pleasant an evening's entertainment as need be desired was brought to a close by the representation of the comedieta of "Wild Ducks." It may be well to mention that, although this

provision has been so kindly made for the artists, still they are very great sufferers by the loss of wardrobes collected during many years of professional life, and there remains yet plenty of room for public benevolence to supplement that which Mr. Douglass is doing, and it is hoped that subscriptions will continue to be added to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the fire.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT will appear again, on Monday week, at Drury Lane, in Shakspeare's "As You Like It." The engagement is for twelve nights.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—The career of these highly successful concerts at Covent Garden Theatre is now drawing to a close. A new orchestral selection from Weber's "Der Frieschutz," introducing the incantation scene, was performed on Monday with great success.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—This clever troupe of sable harmonists at St. James's Hall are now again thoroughly established in their old quarters. They are continually bringing out fresh novelties, and pretty ballads, and their entertainment may now be well considered as one of the principal of our West-end stock amusements.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED and **MR. JOHN PARRY** continue to attract delighted audiences with their amusing entertainment of "A Yachting Cruise." Mr. John Parry is also as charming as ever over "The Wedding Breakfast."

MISS KATE BATEMAN has just been married at New York to a young English surgeon, Dr. Crowe, of the steamship Scotia, and retires altogether from the stage.

MIDDLESEX MUSIC HALL.—The first annual benefit of Mr. Speedy, the respected proprietor of this well-managed and beautifully decorated hall, took place on Wednesday week, when there was a large attendance, or what in a nobility's concert would be termed a fashionable audience, for nearly the whole of the body of the hall was converted into stalls. The licensed victuallers, proverbial for their combined support on special occasions, were numerous represented, and many were the champagne bottles duly emptied on the festive night. To enumerate all the attractions put forward would be too lengthy for us to notice, but a special feature was the singing of Mr. Wyndham Clark, "the silver-toned tenor," as he is not inappropriately called, who introduced two impromptu verses to "Auld Lang Syne," one to the health of the proprietor, and the other coupling the name of Mr. Henry Fox, the well-known chairman of the hall, with the ladies. These were responded to most heartily by all present. The night throughout was characterized by the utmost good humour and joviality.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Attend to garden walks and edgings. Dahlias should now be all got in and prepared for storing. Keep tulips protected from heavy rains. Remember this is the best season for removing or laying down new turf, which should be well beaten. It is also the best time for taking up and replanting box-edging.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—The chief and most important operation in the garden now is the mulching of the ground where possible, also in covering the surface with short dung and litter, as a protection from the cutting winds and frosts, and also to enrich the soil. The beds and pits in which have been grown cucumbers or melons will now be found of service in the forcing of asparagus. The roots should be three or four years old, carefully taken up, planted closely, and covered five or six inches with light soil. Look to mushroom beds, especially out of doors, and give additional protection by fresh straw and additional covering with matting. Use the hoe frequently between all growing crops of winter and other greens.

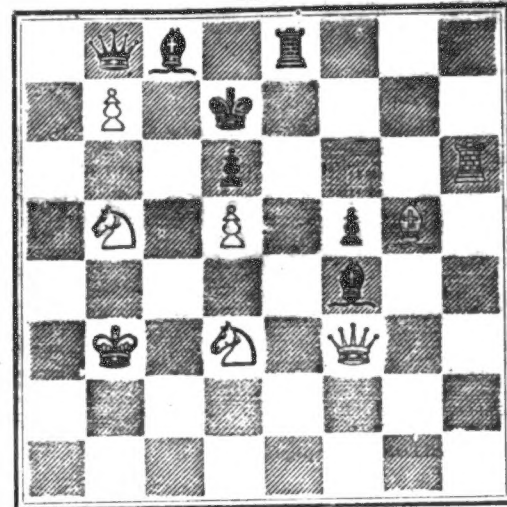
FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue pruning and nailing as previously advised.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A lady very narrowly escaped death at the Bishop's-road Station of the Metropolitan Railway on Saturday evening. Just as the 8.15 train was starting two gentlemen entered one of the carriages, and a lady seeing the ease with which they had succeeded attempted to follow their example. Unfortunately her foot slipped, and she fell at full length upon the footboard of the carriage. A gentleman who was standing by ran forward and with great presence of mind seized the lady just as she was sinking into the narrow space between the carriage wheels and the platform, and succeeded in rescuing her from the perilous position. She was cut and bruised about the face, and blood flowed profusely, but her hurts were not so serious as to prevent her removal to her own residence. The gentleman to whose prompt action the lady owed her life was a Mr. George Cox, of Cheltenham, who was himself slightly injured.

A MODERN "JEANIE DEANS."—The recent trial of Peter Luke at the Dundee Circuit Court will be in the remembrance of our readers, where some of the jury, as was alleged, instead of being locked up, were allowed to go here and there and everywhere, and in consequence, a petition to Mr. Walpole, the present Home Secretary, was presented on behalf of the accused, whose agent, Mr. Paul, informs us that the Secretary of State has remitted the application to the Lord Justice Clerk, and that under the application and remit, the officials in Dundee are now leading pre-conceptions, so that the facts may be truly ascertained. There has been in this case a somewhat similar romance to that of "Jeanie Deans." Mrs. Luke, the widowed mother of her son now undergoing sentence, not satisfied with the written petition on her son's behalf, and no doubt thinking that a widow's tears and weeds might gain her Queen's sympathy, proceeded to Balmoral in the hope of getting an interview with her Majesty. For days the widow followed her Majesty from place to place; but unlike "Jeanie Deans," she failed to get an interview with royalty. Driven to extremities, and before leaving Balmoral, she addressed a letter to the Queen; and in answer to that letter she received a reply from her Majesty's secretary, which shows that, however humble the party from whom an application proceeds, the Queen and her advisers will not overlook it. We give below her Majesty's secretary's letter, and, without commenting on the case, we have no doubt that justice will be fully done by the Lord Justice Clerk, to whom it is remitted. It appears to us that Peter Luke must be liberated, or that the locking up of juries should be done away with. It lies, however, with the Secretary of State now to say whether the prisoner should be set at liberty. The communication from her Majesty's private secretary to Mrs. Luke is as follows:—"General Grey has received and submitted Mrs. Luke's letter to the Queen, and, by her Majesty's command, has transmitted it for the consideration of the Home Secretary, by whose recommendation, in all such cases, her Majesty is necessarily guided. —Balmoral, Oct. 13th, 1866."—Dundee Advertiser.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 393.—By W. C. Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.
[Forwarded by Mr. Rainger.]

Game between two strong Metropolitan players.

- | White.
Mr. R. | Black.
Mr. B. |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | 3. B to Q B 4 |
| 4. P to Q B 3 | 4. K Kt to B 3 |
| 5. P to Q 4 | 5. P takes P |
| 6. P to K 5 | 6. P to Q 4 |
| 7. B to Q Kt 5 | 7. Kt to K 5 |
| 8. P takes P | 8. B to Q Kt 3 |
| 9. B to K 3 | 9. Castles |
| 10. Kt to Q B 3 | 10. P to K B 3 (a) |
| 11. Q to Q Kt 3 | 11. K Kt takes Kt |
| 12. K B takes Q Kt | 12. P takes B |
| 13. Q takes Kt | 13. Q to K square |
| 14. Castles (K R) (b) | 14. B to K Kt 5 |
| 15. P takes K B P | 15. Q B takes Kt |
| 16. P takes K Kt P | 16. Q to K Kt 3 (c) |
| 17. P takes R (Queens & checks) | 17. R takes Q |
| 18. P to K Kt 3 | 18. Q to K Kt 5 |
| 19. B to K B 4 | 19. R takes B |
| 20. Q to K 3 | 20. Q to K B 6, and wins |

- (a) From this point we prefer Black's game.
(b) Perhaps taking P with P would have been preferable.
(c) Admirably played; and forces the game, play as White may.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 391.

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. B to Q 6 | 1. K takes B |
| 2. R to K 4 | 2. K to B 3 |
| 3. R mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 382.

- | White. | Black. |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. B to K B 5 | 1. K to K 4 (a) (b) |
| 2. Q to K B 5 (ch) | 2. K to K B 3 |
| 3. Kt to K 6 | 3. K to K B 2 |
| 4. Q mates | |
| (a) | |
| 1. | 1. K to Q 4 |
| 2. Kt to K 6 | 2. K to K 4 |
| 3. Q to K B 3 | 3. K to Q 4 |
| 4. Q mates | |
| (b) | |
| 1. | 1. K to K 6 |
| 2. Q to Q B 4 | 2. K to Q 7 |
| 3. K to K B 2 | 3. K to Q 8 |
| 4. Q mates | |

G. W. B., F. G., W. W., and other correspondents, shall be replied to in our next Number.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

The falling off in the attendance at Tattersall's, which takes its date from the decision of the Cambridgehire, was observable on Monday, and the muster at the rooms was for the most part composed of that energetic section of professionals who are ever on the alert to speculate.

THE DUNSTON.—20 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Dragon (t); 3,000 to 90 agst Mr. Merry's Marksman (t, 30 to 1 afterwards); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. Eastwood's Master Butterfly (off, t 40 to 1); 1,000 to 20 agst Lord Exeter's Grand Cross (t); 1,000 to 20 agst Duke of Beaufort's Vauhan (off, t 1,000 to 15); 1,000 to 18 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Imperator (t); 500 to 10 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Enchantress (t).

DAMAGE TO THE ENCHANTRESS.—On Monday morning, at an early hour, a laden brig named the Enterprise, whilst drifting up the river, ran foul of the Admiralty steam yacht Enchantress, which arrived from Portsmouth on Friday week, and is moored in the harbour, causing considerable damage to both vessels. A portion of the smoking saloon of the Enchantress was carried away, and the commander's barge much injured, the total damage being estimated at 150*l.*, whilst the brig carried away her figure-head. The captain and owner of the latter vessel, which was clearly in fault, have visited the dockyard to confer with the authorities respecting the accident.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
GUILDHALL.

SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE.—James Walker Wratten, residing at 9, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, was charged with assaulting his wife, Georgiana Wratten, by throwing a kettle of boiling water over her. Mark James Vanner, aged eleven, said the prisoner was his stepfather. On the night of Saturday, the 20th of October, his mother and the prisoner came home about ten o'clock. Both had been drinking. His father knocked his mother down several times, and somehow or other he threw the kettle at her, and the water poured on her from the lid. Mrs. Maria Fennell, sister-in-law of the injured woman, was told by a lodger that the prisoner was murdering his wife, and she went into the room. She found the prisoner very drunk, and using very bad language to her sister-in-law, who was dreadfully scalded. The witness dressed the wound, but the prisoner tore the wadding off three times. After hearing the evidence of this witness, Alderman Besley proceeded to the bedside of Mrs. Wratten. She said she had been out with her husband, and returned home with him about half-past ten. She had had a glass of ale, but was not tipsy. He had had a drop too much. As near as she could remember the boy and the prisoner had a word or two, and she went to save the boy from the blow her husband was going to give him, when she fell down somehow or other. Her husband was very much excited. The next thing that she could tell was that she had a violent scalding. She raised her head as well as she could, and found her husband had the kettle in his hand trying to save it, and the water was pouring out upon her. She said, "Good God, Jim, you are scalding me to death!" He was trying to save it, she believed, but the kettle being so big the water kept pouring out upon her. She did not know whether the kettle was on or off the grate. She thought at the time that he was scalding her right out. He had his hand on the kettle, as she supposed, trying to save it. He was pouring the water on her, but she did not say he did it intentionally. The pain was so great that she lost her senses. He was very tipsy, and was going to kill them all. He did not knock her about before the water came on her. Her arm was dressed that night, and all that she could remember was excruciating pain, and a great deal of quarrelling and tearing about. After that the dressing was torn off, but she could not say how it was torn off. The prisoner said they both fell together, and the kettle fell on them both. The prisoner was remanded, and bail refused.

ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE NEAR FLEET-STREET.—Emma Andrews, and a man who gave the name of Andrew Montague, but whose real name is Narley, were placed at the bar on remand before Alderman Abbiss, charged with robbing Mr. William Parker Hammond, of 246, Camden-road-villas, Camden-town, of his purse and money. The case had been twice remanded for the attendance of the prosecutor, and also to obtain evidence of the prisoners. It appeared that about half-past eleven on the night of the 25th of October Edward Davis, 428, heard the cry of "Police" in St. Bride's-avenue, Fleet-street, and he ran to the spot, where he saw a gentleman struggling to get away from the two prisoners and another man not in custody. He put his arm round the four of them, but one of the men slipped away from him, leaving his hat behind him. Mr. Hammond said he had been robbed, and gave the two prisoners into custody. On the way to the station-house the female prisoner said several times, "You have not been robbed at all; your money is in your coat pocket." At the station Mr. Hammond felt in his coat pocket, and found it in the left-hand one. Mr. Hammond said before the prisoners that he had his money in his right-hand trousers pocket previous to meeting the prisoners. There was nearly £5 in the purse. Mr. Hammond appeared to prosecute, and on the last occasion Alderman Cotton ordered a summons to be taken out to compel his attendance. It, however, had not the desired effect, for Mr. Hammond still refused to prosecute. Evidence was now given as to the character of the prisoners by Sergeant Munro, 7 M; Denis Clarke, late 188 M; Thomas Norman, 195 L. They knew the prisoners to be the constant associates of thieves. For the last fourteen years Narley (for that was the male prisoner's real name) had never done any work for a living, and had no ostensible means of gaining a livelihood but from his connection with thieves. The female prisoner was one of the class of prostitutes who walk the streets, and stop gentlemen who have taken rather too much, when the unfortunate victim is immediately pounced upon by their bullies and robbed. They demand to know what the victims are doing with their wives, and in too many instances the plundered people are only too glad to escape from such persons. Alderman Abbiss said he was of opinion that the prisoners were there for the purpose of committing a robbery, and he should not be doing his duty to the public if he were to let them go. The sentence of the court was that they be sent to prison for three months and kept to hard labour. If the prisoners were dissatisfied with the decision they could appeal against it.

BOW STREET.

UNFOUNDED CHARGE AGAINST THE POLICE.—Jane Peel, a well-dressed young woman, was charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance at the Gower-street Station of the Metropolitan Railway. Police-constable Dickinson, 123 E, stated that about one o'clock on Sunday morning he found the prisoner at the door of the station, knocking, and making a great deal of noise by shouting and screaming. She told him she had been robbed of her watch and chain. He asked her by whom, and she replied that she did not know. He advised her to go away, but she refused, and made only the more noise the more he remonstrated with her. Presently, a soldier came up, and she said he had taken her watch and chain. Witness took the name and regimental number of the soldier, who is quartered at the Wellington Barracks. The prisoner still refused to go away, and made so much disturbance that he was obliged to take her into custody. At the station-house she told the inspector that witness had taken her watch, chain, and brooch. The prisoner said she was certainly a little the worse for liquor, but that was not from having drunk much, it was only because she was not accustomed to it. She had been spending the evening with a friend, and was returning home. She went to the station about ten o'clock to take the train, but was stopped at the door by the constable, without any provocation, who seized her and began to pull her about in the most shameful manner. Another policeman came to his assistance, and they took her each by one arm, and dragged her to the police-station. She never accused the constable of robbing her. What she said was that while the two policemen held her some other man took her watch and chain, and that they must know something about it. Dickinson repeated that it occurred not at ten o'clock, but at one o'clock, after the station was closed. The acting-inspector, Sergeant Ferguson, said the prisoner certainly did charge the constable with stealing the

watch and chain. Inquiries, however, had since been made by another constable, who had found the watch. Policeman Fisher, of the I division, said he was going home on Sunday night, in plain clothes, when he called at the Union public-house, in Great Portland-street. He mentioned to some person there that he had been making inquiries about a watch and chain which a woman had lost, and which she said the police had robbed her of. The landlord (Mr. Parry) mentioned that a woman answering the description had been drinking in his house on Saturday night, and he had received her watch and chain to take care of them for her. She then left his house, and took a cab to drive to the railway station. She could have the watch and chain on application. Mr. Vaughan said this showed how little drunken people remembered facts, and how little faith should be attached to their statements. He should fine her 5s. The prisoner paid the fine, and went to receive her property, evidently glad to be relieved from her hallucination.

CLERKENWELL.

RE-CAPTURE OF AN ESCAPED PRISONER.—James English, aged 20, of 4, Chapel-place, Lincoln's-inn-fields, a French polisher, was charged with stealing, on the 4th ult., a silver watch, value 4l., the property of James English, of 7, Merlin's-place, Clerkenwell, also a French polisher. The prisoner was brought to this court on Tuesday week on the above charge, and whilst Police-constable Redford, 342 A, left the prisoner in the waiting-room, and came into court with the charge-sheet, the prisoner made his escape. Although his haunts were known, it was not until Monday that he was recaptured by Police-constables Redford and Perry, 176 F. The facts of the case were very simple. The prisoner went to the prosecutor's house (the prosecutor is cousin to the prisoner), and was assisted. The prosecutor left the prisoner in his apartment, and when he returned he found that the prisoner had absconded, taking with him the watch. When the prisoner was taken into custody on the charge, he said that he was very sorry, and then handed the prosecutor the duplicate relating to the watch. The magistrate inquired if anything was known of the antecedents of the prisoner? Police-constable Ranger, 199 G, said the prisoner's father was a highly respectable tradesman. The prisoner had before been in custody on charges of felony, and was an idle fellow. The prisoner, in defence, said he took the watch because he was in distress, but he intended returning it as soon as he got the money. The reason why he escaped from the court was that his wife was in a delicate state of health, and he wanted her to know where he was. (A laugh.) He hoped the magistrate would take a merciful view of his case on account of the feelings of his "dear" wife. The magistrate sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for six calendar months. The prisoner, who pretended to cry, was then removed.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

ALLEGED FRAUD BY A LADY.—Emma Porteus, residing in Stanhope-street, Hampstead-road, was brought before Mr. Knox, on a warrant, charged with feloniously uttering a forged request for the delivery of goods, with intent to defraud Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, silk merchants, Regent-street. Mr. Lindus appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, for the defence. Mr. Arthur Lewis, of the firm of Lewis and Allenby, said on the 28th of September he received a letter purporting to come from Miss Hobson, sister to Lady Grant, Chatham Cottage, Ramsgate, requesting that a shawl might be sent. Having made inquiries in the counting-house, and believing that the representations in the letter were true, he directed the goods to be sent. On the 6th of October he received another letter in the same handwriting, also purporting to come from Miss Hobson, requesting that a cloak might be sent, but not feeling quite satisfied, in consequence of inquiries he had previously made, the order was not executed. Lady Grant is one of their customers. Mrs. Charlotte Fail, 31, George-street, Hanover-square, said she had known Miss Hobson, of Reading, for some years. She also knew the prisoner. The letters produced, purporting to be written by Miss Hobson, while on a visit to Lady Grant, were not in Miss Hobson's handwriting. The prisoner was known to Miss Hobson. Police-constable Dawson, 301 A, said he apprehended the prisoner at Brandon, Suffolk, where she was then on a visit to a clergyman. He told her he had a warrant to apprehend her for obtaining goods by means of forged orders. She replied there was some mistake, that she knew a lady named Addie, living at St. Albans, and that this lady had recommended her to Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, as she wanted several things. He asked the prisoner if she had been staying at Ramsgate, and she said she had, adding that Miss Addie was living at Ramsgate. He asked her if she had written letters to Messrs. Lewis and Co., for Miss Addie, and she replied she had not. The prisoner also denied that she had called at the post-office for any letters directed to Miss Addie, but, after a short pause, she admitted that she had given directions at the Ramsgate Station that if any parcels came there directed to Miss Addie, they were to be sent to 103, Stanhope-street, Hampstead-road. The prisoner also admitted that she had written the two letters to Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, saying that she did not know what induced her to write them. She eventually admitted she had written letters in the names of Miss Hobson and Miss Addie. The prisoner then went up-stairs, and, having unlocked a box, handed him a shawl, stating that she had received it from Messrs. Lewis and Allenby. He then asked the prisoner where the other goods were that she had obtained, and she said they would be found in Stanhope-street. He went to the address, and found the goods there. Mr. Lindus said the goods referred to by the officer related to other charges. A porter at the Ramsgate Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway said about three weeks ago the prisoner called at the station, and asked him for a parcel directed to Miss Hobson. He told her there was no such parcel. The prisoner then left a note for the station-master, and said she wished the parcel when it came to be forwarded to London. The prisoner, it appears, has obtained goods by similar means from Messrs. Redmayne, Bond-street; Messrs. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly; and Messrs. Halling, Pearce, and Stone, Cockspur-street. In the possession of the prisoner £55 in notes was found. She was remanded.

THAMES.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—THE DETECTIVE DETECTED.—George Charles, a middle-aged man, who has been living for some time in Durban-row, opposite Stepney Old Church, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with the commission of many petty robberies. The appearance of the prisoner in the dock created no small astonishment. He was formerly a detective officer. For the last two years he has attended this court three or four times a week, and for some time his visits were so regular that his absence for a day or two was a subject of remark. He had been in the practice

of visiting the shop of Mr. John Snowden, cheesemonger in White Horse-lane, Stepney, in the morning, confiding with him on the illness of his father, and conversing with him on general topics. Bacon, pork, eggs, and cheese were missed after many of his visits: he was suspected, and a police constable named Charles Whissen was employed to detect the detective. That morning Whissen was concealed in Mr. Snowden's shop, where he could see and not be seen. The prisoner paid his usual morning visit soon afterwards, entered into conversation with Mr. Snowden, and inquired how the markets were. Mr. Snowden left the shop for a few seconds, and in his absence Whissen saw the prisoner take up a piece of pork about 2lbs. in weight and put it in his pocket. The prisoner then took up two eggs, put them in another pocket, and left the shop. He was followed by Whissen, who collared him and said, "Mr. George, you are a thief, you must produce the pork and eggs." The prisoner said, "For God's sake don't show me up in the street; poverty made me do it." The prisoner's apartment was searched by William Carter, a police-constable, who found there and seized 2½lbs. of composition candles, eight other candles, two pots of marmalade, a can of lobsters, and various other things. The prisoner had been in the practice of paying visits to Mr. William Ashby, oil and colourman in High-street, Stepney, who said prisoner was there on the Saturday, while he was very busy, and when he left he missed three pots of marmalade like those produced. He missed candles five weeks ago, and he believed those in court were his property. He also missed a can of lobsters after one of the prisoner's visits. The prisoner cross-examined the witnesses, but did not shake their evidence. There were other cases against him, and Mr. Partridge remanded him for a week.

SOUTHWARK.

OMNIBUS THIEF.—Mary Clarke, a respectable-looking woman, residing at No. 1, Princess-street, London-road, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with being concerned with Mary Jones, a resident of Old Ford, but now in St. George's workhouse, in stealing a sovereign from Elizabeth Polder, in an Atlas omnibus. Mr. Lilly appeared to watch the case on behalf of the second prisoner, and Mr. Edwin appeared for Clarke. The prosecutrix said she was the wife of a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards, and lived at Chelsea Barracks. On Saturday afternoon she met her husband at the Horse Guards, when she received a sovereign from him for a special purpose. She put it loose in the pocket of her dress, and a few minutes afterwards hailed an Atlas omnibus. She entered, and sat between the prisoners. Clarke was on the side where her pocket was, and fidgetted about very much. As soon as the omnibus got into the London-road the prisoners got out and walked away together. Witness instantly put her hand in her pocket and missed the sovereign. Being satisfied that the prisoners had robbed her, she called out to the conductor, and as soon as she got out of the omnibus she went after them, and saw them enter a public-house and drink together. She remained outside until a constable came up, when she informed him what had occurred, and when the prisoners came out he followed them towards the Elephant and Castle, and took them into custody. At the station-house her sovereign was found in the prisoner Clarke's mouth. Inspector Manson, of the M division, said he was on duty in the Stone-end Police-station when the prisoners were brought in. While he was taking down the charge he heard something rattle in Clarke's mouth, and looking at her he perceived something like gold shining between her teeth. He told her she had the sovereign in her mouth, which she denied, and attempted to swallow something. By witness's direction she was seized, and after some struggling the sovereign was taken from her mouth, but not without two of the constables being bitten severely and one of the prisoner's teeth knocked out. The prisoner Jones was taken in labour in the course of Sunday morning, and was sent to St. George's Workhouse, where she was delivered of a child. Police-constable 115 M said that he saw the prisoners in the London-road conversing together, and when they came out they walked up to the Elephant and Castle talking together, when witness went up to them and took them into custody. They were both agitated and denied all knowledge of each other. Witness assisted in taking the sovereign from Clarke's mouth, and was severely injured in his right hand. Mr. Burcham observed that as it would be some time before the other prisoner would be able to leave the workhouse he should remand the prisoner for a week.

WANDSWORTH.

THE LATE PAINFUL RESULT OF A COMMITTEAL.—Mr. Ingham, who had not presided over the court since Wednesday week, opened a letter on Monday addressed to him from the Secretary of State's office, stating, in effect, that in the case of George Stone, a carpenter, of No. 32, Gay-street, Putney, who was committed on Tuesday week for twenty-one days' hard labour, for violently assaulting Stephen Farmer, assistant-bailiff at the Wandsworth County Court, while executing a warrant of distress, Mr. Walpole had felt justified, under the circumstances, in advising her Majesty to remit the remainder of the prisoner's sentence. It will be remembered that the man's wife, who was near her confinement, was attacked with convulsions on hearing of the committal of her husband, and died in a few hours afterwards, leaving six young children without a protector. The man was liberated from prison on the Thursday.

GREENWICH.

SINGULAR CASE RESPECTING AN ADOPTED CHILD.—A singular case came before Mr. Maude, the sitting magistrate, in which the father of a child which had for years been adopted by other persons was charged with allowing the child to become chargeable to the Lewisham Union. In the month of September, 1853, a male child, then one year and eight months old, was taken to a married couple at Lewisham, and placed out to nurse on account of illness. The wife took a fancy to the child, and with the consent of both the parents it was allowed to remain, its name being altered to that of the persons to whom it had been taken, and by whom no charge had been made for its maintenance. Recently the lad had formed an acquaintance with some improper associates, and had exhibited such a waywardness of disposition and inclination to theft, that he had been sent home to his father on six different occasions, but had returned to Lewisham, sleeping and living as best he could. The last time he left his father's house he escaped by the window of a room in which he had been locked, and eventually becoming chargeable to the Lewisham Union the present proceedings were taken. It was shown that the lad had received the kindest treatment both from the persons with whom he had so long lived, and also from his father, a tradesman in a good way of business, but who attributed the boy's present disposition to the want of proper care and training, and who contended that the persons who had adopted him should be held responsible for the boy's maintenance until he was of sufficient age and capable of earning his own livelihood. Mr. Maude said there was no doubt whatever, although the circumstances of the case were peculiar, that the father was liable for the boy's support, and an order was made accordingly.



VIEW OF TORONTO, FROM THE ISLANDS.

HORRORS OF THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

THE Rev. J. Buckley, stationed at Cuttack, Orissa, writes:—"Orphans have been brought dying to our door, and many that we have received have been too deeply famine-stricken for nursing and medicine to restore. After a few short days death has closed the scene. Tender and delicate women lying in our verandah have implored rice, or money to purchase it, with cries that have pierced our hearts. Two cases of eating human flesh have been reported; in the one case it was proved that the person was insane; in the other a child was found eating its dead father's flesh, which had been roasted, and a few days after the child died. Mothers have left their children in the maidan (dunghill) to die, or have sold them for a few pice. In one case an only son was sold for a pint of milk; the mother eagerly drank it, gave up her child, walked a few steps, and then dropped down dead. The dying and the dead have been seen lying in our streets; though this has not been so much at Cuttack as at Balasore and some other places. At Pooree

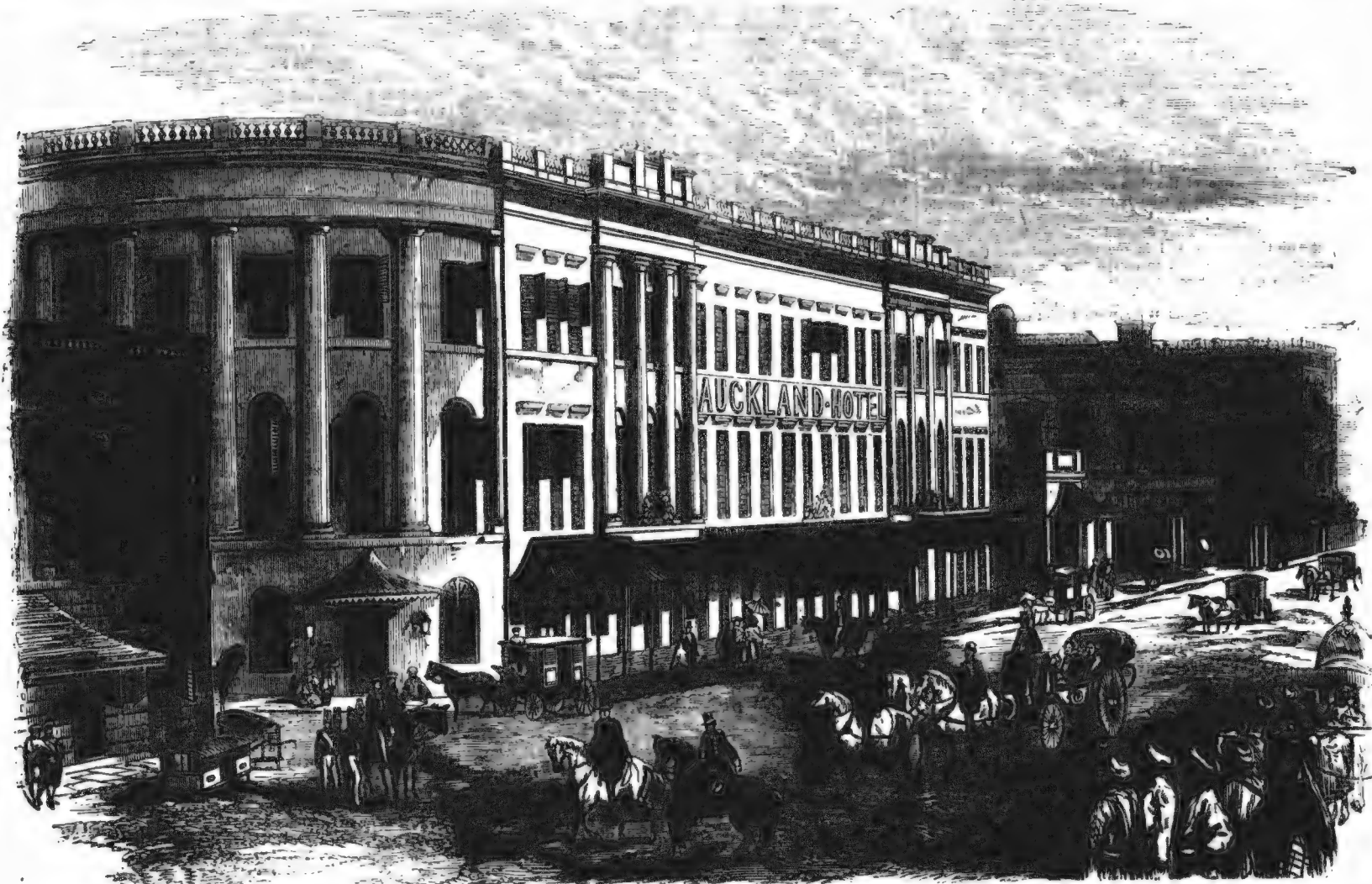
it has been common for the police to find, morning after morning, in the streets and lanes, sixty, seventy, eighty, or more corpses! In the Cuttack district 3,000 deaths from famine and pestilence were reported in one week, and it is generally believed that at Balasore and Pooree the distress has been severer than here." [Mr. Buckley is a General Baptist Missionary, who has been at Cuttack many years. He is a Leicestershire man, and preached in Nottingham several times during his last visit to England ten or twelve years ago.]—*Nottingham Journal*.

AN INDIAN BRIDE.—An Arkansas paper gives an account of the marriage of a gentleman recently to a Choctaw belle, Miss Kath-le-no-he, daughter of "Black Cloud," a Caddo chief. The lady is described as a full-blooded Caddo, over six feet in stature, very comely, and straight as one of the pines of our northern wilderness. At the wedding the bride wore silver decorations in her hair, weighing over a pound.

THE CITY OF TORONTO, CANADA.

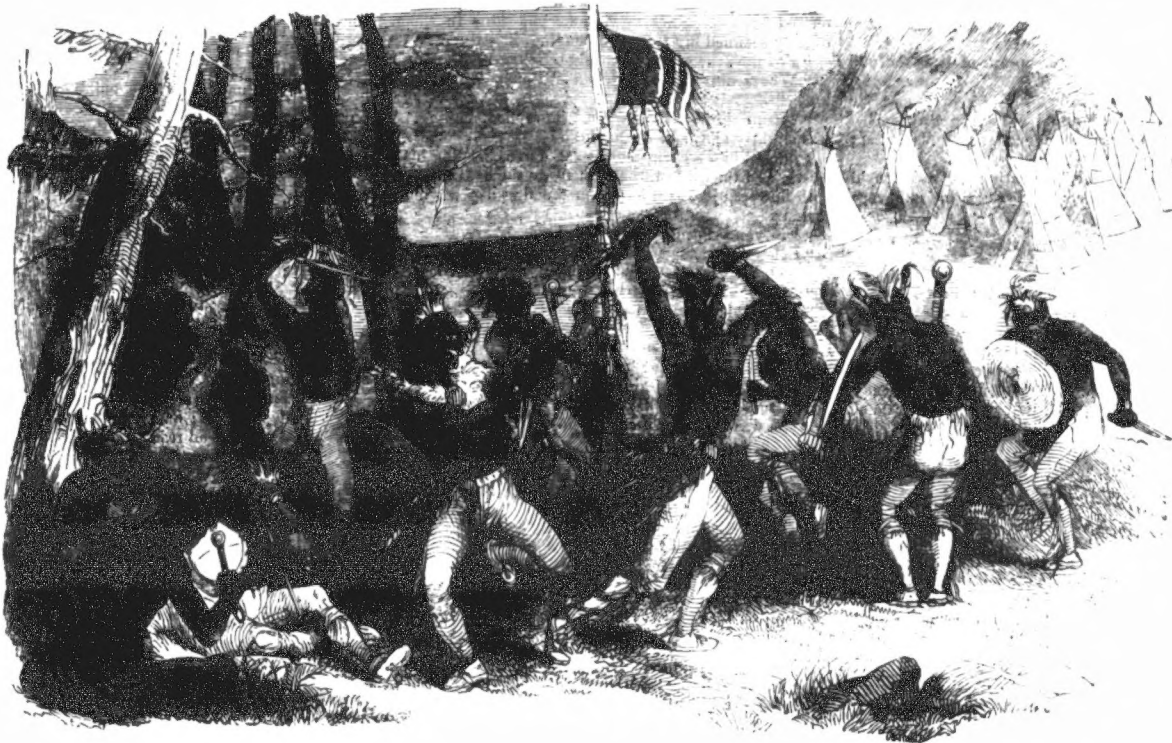
We give above a view of Toronto, which is the chief city of Western Canada, and stands on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, towards its upper extremity. It possesses an excellent harbour, is in every respect prosperous and flourishing, and is *par excellence* the show city of Canada. "I had heard (says a recent tourist) much of its wonderful rise and prosperity; but the reality far exceeded my expectations. It is the growth of this century. In 1793, Gen. Simcoe founded the town, then called Little York. In 1813 the Americans burnt it; and when rebuilt, the name with great good taste was changed to "Toronto," the original Indian appellation, signifying "place of meeting." At that time the site was a bushy wilderness, which might have been purchased for a few dollars; now the value of the assessed property is upwards of four millions sterling, and the population numbers, 45,000."

Large public buildings have long since been erected at Toronto



THE AUCKLAND HOTEL, CALCUTTA. (See page 350.)

and others are in process of erection: busy streets stretch their long arms from the city outwards into the bush, and the wharves exhibit the vigorous activity of a thriving maritime port. Ships of 900 tons burthen are built for the corn-trade, and proceed direct to Europe. Railways already extend from the city northward to Lake Simcoe (surrounded by flourishing agricultural settlements), and westward, through Hamilton, to Detroit and Chicago. Other lines connect Toronto with Montreal and Quebec on the east, and with the shores of Lake Huron on the west. The shops in the main thoroughfares rival those in any of our provincial towns in their various display of goods. Toronto, besides, is thoroughly English. The names of the street inns recall memories that are familiar to the thoughts, and dear to the bosoms, of every Englishman. The surrounding country is very beautiful, and is



THE TERRIBLE OUTRAGES BY KIOWA INDIANS.—THE SCALP DANCE.

diversified by villas and well-kept gardens in the English style.

Toronto is 500 miles distant from Quebec, but by the aid of swift steamers the distance is accomplished in fifty-four hours.

OUTRAGES BY KIOWA INDIANS.

WE still continue to receive additional accounts of outrages committed by the Kiowas and other Indians in different parts of Texas. They vary little from the dreadful details given in our last. The white settlers are organizing in all parts in order to wreak summary vengeance on the red-skins, who are increasing in their barbarous atrocities. We gave in our last an illustration of an Indian camp in which were detained some white captives. We herewith give an engraving of an Indian scalp dance—a dance which we hoped we should never again hear of except in an American sensational novel, of the Fenimore Cooper school.

Literature.

RENTING A HUSBAND.

"WANTED TO RENT.—A convenient house, pleasantly situated; must contain at least six rooms, and be within ten minutes' walk of the North School. An immediate occupant will be found by addressing S. F. RIVARD, Macomb-street, No. 25."

This advertisement was not to me the simple, commonplace affair that it seems to you, not by any means. It was achieved after a great deal of thought and by a great deal of labour. I paused occasionally to wonder how it would look in print, and whether I should not feel honoured by the publicity. I am no literatense, and until that eventful time had never written my name in a more ambitious place than in a four-page letter to Harry, when I always was very careful to dot my i's and cross my t's lest he should think me rustic. Ah, me! ah, me! How neatly I used to sign my name to those letters to Harry, "Saloma." What else was there? Ah, yes; I remember now. It was always "Your true Saloma." I never changed the endings of those letters, for I had a fancy that their sameness should be to him a little type of that unchanging love which I had given him. He was the son of a neighbouring farmer, and being a fine, manly fellow, I used to feel very proud to have him come in, as he did before he went to London, night after night, and sit in front of the great old glowing fire-place, listening to father's dry old jokes—which the dear old gentleman repeats still every night with the greatest faith in their perpetual freshness and brilliancy—and yet always having his face in sunshine for me and a sly hand for stray curls. Those were happy times when boy and girl we stood "where the brook and river meet." That night I looked at the picture of myself and of the other through blinding tears.

Well, Harry was ambitious; and Mr. Lee, being a [well-to-do man, and having but one son, sent him to London to study. After that, I saw him only at holidays, but the slender fetter on my hand bound us heart to heart, and tender letters kept the watchfires burning. I cannot tell the day when Harry's visits began to grow less longed for, and less pleasant than they used to be; but that time came, as was most natural, since Harry was constantly improving in education and refinement; while I, a simple country girl, was at a standstill. Sometimes he would say, with a sigh, "Ah, Saloma! The dear old days are gone for ever!" and fell to watching the blazing fire with a sober and thoughtful face. I noticed, too, that he listened to father's jokes a little less patiently, and that his face was not always in sunshine for me. He grew petulant and fault-finding, telling me that Miss Stevens did so and so, until my quick temper would blaze from my eyes and silence him.

This state of things could not last very long. I was a continual shock to his new-found refinement, and he was to my proud sensitiveness. I think we acted upon each other as two electric machines of equal power and equally charged. But the finale came. One evening, as usual, Harry was sitting by the fire, and I was opposite him, embroidering his initials in some handkerchiefs, when suddenly he said, "I wish, Saloma, that you'd manage some way to do up your hair; I don't like to see it all in a tangle about your shoulders like that."

My curls "all in a tangle like that!" My curls which I had prized because his hand had smoothed them and his eyes loved them—which I had curled that very afternoon when I was very tired, solely to please him! Tears sprang to my eyes.

"There is nothing more, Saloma, only I want you to be careful of your hands; they are quite callous inside, Saloma—indeed they are—and dress either. You must dress more as becomes my future wife!"

"Your future wife may dress as she pleases!" I replied, calmly and steadily, "and I shall dress as I please! That my hands are callous is my glory, not my shame; since a dear old father, unfit for work, is made more comfortable by them. That they are unfit to be joined to yours, I thank you for showing me!"

I slipped the ring from my finger, and as it touched his hand, he sprang back as though it had burnt him. It fell to the floor, and he ground his heel upon it.

"You are in earnest in this?" he asked, under his breath.

"Yes, in bitter earnest, Harry Lee!" I replied. "If you are

not satisfied with me now when you see me once in three months, you wouldn't be if you saw me every day!"

"You'll repent it!" said he. "You'll repent it yet, Saloma! And, by heaven! when you want me next you'll engage me yourself! I'm no man to go mad about a woman, I can tell you! You'll marry me yet—you know you will!"

"Yes," I replied, under my breath from anger. "When I engage you of my own free will, I'll marry you; then, and not till then!"

"As you please," he replied. "Until you do, rest assured we are strangers."

With those cruel words on his lips, he went out, and I heard his young, hasty steps crunching the dead leaves in the path; and then, listening with my whole heart, I heard father's voice. "What, Harry, going so soon? and you haven't heard my joke about the ploughboy yet?"

I did not catch his reply, though I tried very hard; for even at that moment the sound of his voice was dearer than any other music in the world; but he was gone. I heard the gate close, and it clanged on my shivering heart. I gathered up the bits of ring and put them out of my sight. I sent his letters to him that same night, but he never sent mine; and so the springtime of my life fell suddenly into scorching summer.

After Harry left, I roused myself to a full understanding of my position. I comprehended that he was advancing constantly in refinement and culture, while I was retrograding; and I saw that he must have left me just as surely and naturally as the swift-winged lark out-soars the slower robin.

Seeing this, my heart lost its anger and yearned for the old love. I determined to fit myself for his companionship. I could not leave father, or I should have immured myself within the walls of a convent until I could burst the chrysalis and appear as a beautiful butterfly. This being impossible, I engaged teachers, paying them by many hard labours and close economies, and began my education in earnest.

Four years passed, and then I sold the farm, and father and I went to live in town. Unlike most old people, he longed for change, and was as happy as a child when we were comfortably settled in a lodging-house, and I had a situation in one of the public schools at a living salary.

During all these years, I heard but once of Harry. That was when we broke up house-keeping; Harry's mother came over and told me that he was married, and had bought a place in Italy.

"His bride is an Italian, Saloma," she added, reproachfully. "I always hoped my boy would make nearer home; but I ain't to blame, Saloma, and let them as is take it to heart."

Married, then, and to an Italian! I wore the crown of thorns upon throbbing brows. I knew that he would never seek me again; but, oh! the thought of his having forgotten me was terrible. Hope in my heart folded her wings and died, and I came out of the affliction a sobered, saddened woman. I put for ever away the curls his hand had touched, and smiled to think that he never would find fault with them again.

Six years passed, leaden-footed, beating their slow, regular tramp over the path of my heart, like a gang of reluctant criminals urged on by stronger powers, and brought me to the night when I sat with my head upon my desk and dreaming, and my advertisement for improved quarters achieved. Two days passed, and then I received three notes in reply to the notice.

The notes all described houses pleasantly situated and convenient beyond description; so, the following morning being Saturday, I determined to see for myself those unparalleled houses.

Among the notes there was one written on a little sheet of white paper, in a tiny, cramped hand, but perfectly neat, which somehow pleased me more than either of the others; but I determined to leave this till the last.

I put on my bonnet, smiling cheerfully at the silver thread I saw in my brown air; kissed father, and started on my tour of inspection.

After visiting the two first, and being disappointed, I went to the last house on my list. When I saw it my heart leaped gladly, but sank again the lower for having leaped, when I thought what must be the rent. It was a gothic house, clean as a pin, and fresh as the morning. There was a bay-window looking towards the west, and in it an easy arm-chair. The very seat

for father, I thought. He always watched the sun set. The lawn was like velvet, and rare tube-roses laid their blushing cheeks against the lattice. There was a grapery at the rear, and already the wine-red lips of the tender clusters were lifted to the sunshine.

Drawing a sigh that all this luxury must be beyond my reach, I ascended the steps and pulled the bell.

It was answered at once by a little cramped old lady, who I knew at once had written the cramped, quaint little note. She was so perfectly neat in her black alpaca and white cap, and had so quiet a smile upon her face, that I involuntarily returned her smile of welcome without marvelling why she should welcome me.

"I'll show you the house," she said. "Come in, Miss Rivard!"

She led the way through the halls to the parlours—such elegant, cosy parlours they were—so suited to my quiet taste, that I felt as though a loving hand had fitted them for me alone. On the low marble mantles two or three exquisite alabaster statues stood on their creamy pedestals, and between them vases of rare flowers—pure lily cups circled by flaming verbenas, and, most lovely of all, a single white camelia blushing in the scarlet setting of geraniums. In this room, as in every room in the house, I noticed a little bouquet of Venus's fly-trap set in a circle of arbor vita. Pausing once to wonder at the taste which should select so odd a flower, I asked the little old lady if she arranged them. "Thy friend till death. Have I caught you at last?" I repeated, dreamily.

"Law, miss," said the little old lady, "I don't know the language. It's happened so."

I understood afterwards how it was, but not then.

We went through the house. Everywhere I saw that same congeniality of taste between the person who had furnished the house and myself.

"Did you furnish this house?" I asked, of the little old lady. She started.

"I—yes—no, that is, my son John did."

"What is this room?" I asked, opening a closed door.

The old lady hastily stepped in before me, and, gathering up a pair of boots and an odd slipper, smuggled them into a closet. When she looked at me, she was blushing.

"It's John's room, ma'am," she apologised; "and he's forgot to put his things away. Boys will be boys, ma'am, even after they're grown men."

Supposing that she was embarrassed because I had seen the room disordered, I changed the subject.

"What do ask for the house?"

"Eighty pounds a year."

"Furnished as it is?"

"Just as it is, ma'am. Not a thing disturbed. You see, ma'am, we—that is, I and John—have a fancy that the house had best be let where there are no children. We don't care much for the rent. That's all, Miss Rivard. I think you'll take good care of the house. So if you wouldn't mind putting down on paper that you have engaged the house for the next year, I'll be obliged."

The old lady led me into the library with a great deal of anxious fluttering, which reminded me of a mother-bird, and gave me paper and pen.

"What shall I write here?" I asked.

"Only say that you engage the house and everything in it, as it stands, for one year at eighty pounds, and sign your name."

The little old lady surreptitiously clapped her hands behind her back when she thought I wasn't looking, and turned away her face to laugh. Thoroughly convinced that she was demented, I said, "Except yourself, you mean?"

"Oh, yes; except myself, of course."

"When can I have possession?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"I'll take the house. But what's the use of writing this?"

The little old lady suddenly brought her hands together before her, and said severely, "Just as you please, ma'am. Of course, if you don't want the house, you needn't take it; but I never let it to any one without their written engagement."

I didn't like this turn of affairs, so I said soothingly, "I'll write it. Here begins:—'I, Saloma Rivard, spinster, do solemnly swear and affirm—(no, that's wrong)—do solemnly engage this house and all its appurtenances, great and small.'"

"And all it contains," interrupted the little old lady.

"And all it contains, for the space of one year, at the rent of eighty pounds. Signed this seventh day of August, 18—."

"SALOMA TRACY RIVARD, spinster."

"There; how's that?"

"There ain't any way that you could creep out of it, is there?"

"No."

"That'll do, then. But, ma'am, hadn't I best keep house for you? I'm used to the ways of the house, and hate to leave it."

"No," I said. "I must get a maid for about ten pounds a year; I can't afford a housekeeper."

"I'll stay for that money. You see," hesitatingly, "my son 'll be from home, and I'd be best here, and I can't be idle very well."

"Stay for that? You?"

"Yes; may I?"

"I'll try you," I said.

The old lady put the engagement, as she called it, in her bosom, laughing behind her hand, which she changed into a cough when she caught my eye. She saw me to the door and said "Good morning." When I reached the street-corner I turned, and I am positive that I saw her laughing and clapping her hands behind the parlour-window. I walked home somewhat uneasy about my facetious housekeeper, and vainly trying to discover the source of her amusement.

Father kept me busy for the remainder of the day describing the house and furniture, liking best of all that easy-chair drawn up in the bay-window.

On Monday morning I was up at dawn, in my impatience to get to our new house, and leave father comfortably settled before I left for school, at nine o'clock. Our housekeeper met us at the door, smiling a welcome, and neat as a pin. She ushered us into the parlour, already warmed, for it was a chill mornin'; and I noticed, when I entered the apartment, that a meerschaum was lying on the mantelpiece, but this the little old lady smuggled into her pocket before I could glance a second time, muttering to herself that she had not cleared up, since we were earlier than she expected.

"Where is your son John?" I asked, surprisedly, for I observed that the little marble centre table was in a perfect flush, because of the rosy fly-traps hedged in with cedar. Every bell seemed to sing out to my astonished senses, "Ha! ha! have I caught you at last—have I caught you?"

The old lady was absolutely shaking with laughter, but when I turned, she remarked, in a matter-of-fact tone, that she was shaking from cold, and that John was at his work.

"Does he sleep here?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; only since the owners have gone."

"I thought you said he owned the house?"

"He? Oh, no, ma'am. It's a gentleman from New York, I think."

Not caring to argue the little old lady into a story somewhat more connected, I sat down to enjoy the luxurious abode which fortune had tossed over my head, and to wonder about that very remarkable son John, who was so uncommon a character. As for father, he had taken immediate possession of the easy-chair in the bay; and when I went to school I left him there yet, telling the little old lady "the best one that he got off once at a club-meeting."

After school, I had my dinner. The little old lady proved a very queen of cooks; and then amused myself by going over every nook and corner of my new home, excepting one, that was the room where I had seen the boots on the floor. That door was locked; I applied to the housekeeper for the key, but she was under the impression that John must have taken it off in his pocket, and I must wait until he returned it. This, slight as it was, bothered me. I was tormented by the air of mystery about the woman and the place. She was the best of housekeepers, and apparently the gentlest of women; but I couldn't make her stories agree, and I didn't like her hesitating to answer simple questions; and above all I hated her surreptitiously clapping her hands behind her back, and chuckling ever some inward joke. I noticed this particularly one night, when I had been domiciled about a week. We were sitting at the table, and she was pouring out the tea, when a sudden stealthy man's step sounded on the walk outside. It was as though a man was walking on tiptoe. The little old lady started suddenly, muttered something about the tea being too strong, and went to the kitchen. Listening, I heard the supposed sound of voices; one was a man's, and then all was still. The little old lady came in with the tea, and quietly resumed her seat and duties.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"My son John," was the reply, given with an inexpressible laugh.

"Did he bring the key?" I asked.

"I don't know—I think so."

"Well, get it for me."

"Yes, ma'am."

At that the old lady put down her cup and went off into a burst of laughter, clapping her hands and stamping her little feet most vehemently. I laid down fork and bread and looked at her. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and she was almost out of breath.

"Oh, I must have it out!" she ejaculated, between bursts. "Never mind, ma'am; but—oh, my!—it is too good—and the last," and was completely swamped in the next fit.

"What's the matter with her?" asked father. "Has she thought of a good 'un? Let's have it, madam. Laugh and grow fat's my maxim. I tell a joke myself occasionally."

I tried to annihilate the old lady by the sternness of my eyes. "What ails you?" I asked severely. "Are you subject to spasms?"

With that she laughed again, and then wiping the tears from her eyes, said humbly, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I was so glad to see my son; it's most turned my head, I think."

The same evening, while sitting in my own little study, I was conscious of some one being in the room. I had heard no sound, seen no shadow, but my inner consciousness could have taken oath that another soul within that room had lately supplied its presence; and now my startled ears took in a faint, faint sound, but to me more terrible than the clangour of a thousand bells. It was some one breathing.

My pencil slid from my hand; the coward blood from my face. I dared not lift my eyes nor move, so sure was I that some other one was in the room.

"Saloma! Saloma!"

Ay, surely I knew the ring of that dear voice. Deepened in tone, it might be; but down from the far-off past it came to me, and answered in its ring to this. I sprang up with a cry, and stood face to face with the speaker—a tall, bearded man, with a broad, white brow. Ah, surely I knew that brow; those eyes—surely, surely, the picture in my heart was the true photograph of his face, sun-browned by age. Back along the path of memory my swift feet, fairy-sandaled, flew, and I knew that this was

Harry—Harry Lee—my Harry who had listened to father's jokes in the old farm-kitchen, and had his face in sunshine for me. He offered his two hands now, and I put mine in them. Then he eagerly scanned my face, and bending, kissed me.

"For the sake of the old pledge, Saloma," he said.

"Where did you come from?" I gasped. "How did you get here?"

"I came through the garden," he replied, smiling. "Your door was slightly ajar, and I came in."

I offered him a chair, and he sat down, keeping his eyes on my face. As I turned towards him, I saw the centre-table was strewn with flowers, just as it had been the first day when I entered the parlour.

"Did you bring the flowers?" I asked.

"Folks first, flowers afterwards," he replied. "You are not changed, Saloma—not much changed, only your face is sadder."

"And you?" His brow darkened.

"I? Oh, I've found that the world's a rose with a worm in the heart. I have travelled for seven years, and now, like Noah's dove, I have come back to the ark of safety."

"Where is your wife?" I asked softly, dreading even to hear her name from his lips. I know not why.

The smile died from his face.

"She was a Southern child," he said, simply, "and is dead. I buried her in Italy; she and little Saloma."

Tears sprang to my eyes. He had had, then, a little Saloma.

"Now," he said, gently, "I want to talk with you. Are you still a little Puritan?"

"Just the same."

"And you always keep your promise?"

"When I can."

"Do you remember how we parted?"

"Yes, I remembered."

"Saloma, I have been true to the foolish vow made then, until you of your own free will renewed our engagement. I never came."

There was a tremble in his eye, which I thought ill-timed. The indignation blood dyed my face.

"I renew our engagement?" I cried. I seek you, Harry Lee? From the night that you went out from the old home-kitchen I do solemnly tell you that I have never by word or line sought you, or renewed any engagement that was broken then!

"If you had not, I should not have been here," said Harry.

"Then you had better go at once, for I never have."

"Saloma! Saloma! I have your note in my pocket here. How can you deny it?"

"My note?"

He drew from his pocket-book, with the most provoking nonchalance, a small note, and passed it to me. I opened it, and found but the note that I had written for the little old lady, relative to taking the house.

"The joke is harder to comprehend than the poorest of Lord Dunsinane's," I remarked, as he laughed; "I shall have to ask you to explain."

"Why, Saloma, don't you see? Can't you understand? Oh, you dumb little thing! Don't the Venus fly-traps and the arbo-vite tell the story? I was afraid they'd let me out. Didn't you engage the house, and all that was in it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, you dear little goose, I happened to be in it, and my boots came near betraying me, too. You engaged me with the other furniture. Don't you see, Saloma?"

Of course I saw, and joined in the laugh against myself, heartily.

"And you will not break your promise?"

To this I made no answer.

"How did it happen? Tell me all, please."

So he told me the story.

"When I left you, Saloma, I was angry and proud, and certain that I hated you; but I didn't, Saloma. Well, before my studies were finished I met a young Italian girl. I married her, I can scarcely tell why. I knew that you were lost to me. We went to Italy, and there our little girl was born and died. We had not been happy, my wife and I; but when the little one died, it softened our hearts, and I watched her fading away with my aching heart. When we had been married three years, she died. I laid her by the child, and left Italy. For the next four years I wandered about, speculating with an indifferent readiness that made my future, and caring little for life or death. Last December I fell ill. I was very ill indeed, and my thoughts, like carrier-doves, flew home. I heard your voice, and saw you, and I think it was that which drew me back from death. Darling, the fever left me and I came home. I went to the old place, and saw my father and mother. Then I traced you here; but, remembering my oath, was too proud to seek you. I bought this house, and furnished it as I thought you would like it, and every day I saw you at a distance. At last fortune favoured me. Your advertisement gave me a cue. I took my housekeeper into confidence. She nursed me when ill, and loves me dearly; and I instructed her to offer the house at such a rate as you would be likely to accept—the house, just as it was."

"And now, petite, since you have rented me for one year, of your own free will, if you will change that lease for a lifelong one, put your hand in mine and tell me so."

It was all necromancy. I was certainly mesmerized, for I obeyed him to the letter, feeling glad to lose the independence of the woman in the simple trust of the child. The little old lady came in with father, then, and had her laugh out. I fully expected to see her vanish into thin air in one of those gusts of merriment. And then she told the story to father, and he has repeated it every night since, as the best and freshest joke that he knows.

As for Harry and I, we are happy as the day is long, and I have never regretted renting the house just as it was, although Harry protests that I ought to pay my rent more regularly than I do.

Father, sitting in the easy-chair in the bay-window, watching the sunset, begs to know of the boy on his knee, if he happens to know that his father was formerly rented out at eighty pounds a year, wants to know if he don't see the joke—which, of course, my cherub don't see, but laughs and crows nevertheless, until grandpapa smother him with kisses; and Harry, looking over his paper, says, "I rather think, Saloma, that father has a joke this time which will never grow old. Wasn't it capital?"

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CORK LEGS.—PARIS AND LONDON PRIZE MEDALS.—GROSSMITH'S NEW ARTIFICIAL LEG, with patent action Knee and Ankle Joints, enables the patient to walk, sit, or lie with ease and comfort, wherever amputated. It is much lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork legs, will last a lifetime, and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children can wear in safety. It was awarded the highest medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and was pronounced by the judges "superior to all others." Grossmith's Artificial Leg, Eye, and Hand Manufactory, 175, Fleet Street. Established, 1760. London Exhibition Prize Medal, 1851; Paris 1855; London, 1862; Dublin, 1865.—(Advertisement.)

THE AUCKLAND HOTEL, CALCUTTA.

OUR readers are now pretty well familiar with the style of the spacious new hotels, which, under the Limited Liability Act, have of late years been springing up in the metropolises and the principal towns in England. Yet in our distant colonies they are not behind us in their hotel buildings. We give below an engraving of the Auckland Hotel, Calcutta.

This princely establishment was rebuilt at a cost of £40,000, and forms a noble addition to the street architecture of the capital of British India. Unlike the New York and Paris hotels, this establishment has peculiar features of its own, which claim especial attention. If we step under its spacious roof, we find that some twenty distinct trades and professions are there represented. First we have the "Restaurant de Paris," elegant in all its appointments, with its innumerable small tables and various private saloons, at which hundreds at one time may be accommodated. Then there is the tea, grocery, foreign fruit, and China produce department; next, the wine, beer, and spirit department; the cooking, confectionary, ice, biscuit, and pastry department; then the preserved provisions, oilman's stores, and general supply department for messes and families. This disposes of the edibles, drinkables, &c.; but there is also the millinery, dressmaking, and general trimming department; and a department for the sale of paletots, hosiery, drapery, and ready-made clothing of every description for ladies and gentlemen.

Besides all these, there is the wholesale export and general shipping department; the army and general agency; correspondence and financial department; the printing, bookbinding, and counting-house department; and the Calcutta Jerusalem Subscription Assembly Reading-rooms for merchants, brokers, and captains of ships. There are also inferior departments, such as that of carpentry, coopering, provision salting (the produce of two farms in the suburbs, belonging to the proprietors of the hotel), packing and packing-case manufactory, &c. All these several departments are on the ground floor of the building, where is situated the grand marble hall, or "Hall of Nations," as it is termed; a magnificent apartment, 220 in length by 120 feet in breadth, and in which are displayed numerous objects of ornament and utility, the productions of every civilized nation. The whole of the upper storeys is appropriated to the purposes of an hotel for families and gentlemen. There is a table d'hôte, where 200 may conveniently dine; a billiard-room for the exclusive use of the inmates; in a word, the entire arrangements are excellent and complete, and in every way worthy of our Eastern capital. No wonder, then, that the "Auckland," originally established twenty-four years ago, has uniformly enjoyed the patronage of governors-general, commanders-in-chief, and regimental messes. The building stands nearly opposite the governor's palace. It occupies about three acres of ground, and forms one extensive block, bounded by three of the principal streets. Its entire front and sides present a façade of about 700 feet. Five resident partners manage the whole of this extensive concern, while the senior is located in London, attending to the multifarious requirements of this establishment, which gives employment, on the premises, to 350 people.

When the community of Calcutta was in a high state of excitement, consequent upon the mutiny of the sepoys at Barrackpore, the Auckland was thronged with refugees, numbering from 200 to 300, chiefly ladies. Fifty men-of-war's men were specially appointed for the protection of the establishment, and were under arms day and night guarding the premises.

THE ROAD.

NEW SOUTH WALES papers have one more account of the "sticking up" of a mail. The *Queanbeyan Age* has the following narrative, a curiosity in its way:—

"At Bungendore a Mr. Menzies joined us, and we went on inside from there. When we got to Sandilis a man called to Billy, the driver, to pull up. We were half asleep, and I awoke on hearing him ask, 'Any one inside?' Billy answered, 'Two passengers.' I jumped up from the back seat, where I was sitting, and covered the man who pulled the horses up, and said to Mr. Menzies, 'I can cover him.' He said, 'Don't fire.' Menzies jumped out, and I followed. We were received by the gentlemen of the road with presented arms. Just then my revolver slipped out of my pocket, and I tried to recover it, but it was noticed and boned. They then looked me up, and got a note—nothing else. They took my rug; Tommy Clarke said it was a rare good one, and would just suit him. They then marched us down a few yards from the coach and told us to turn our faces while they turned up the mail-bags. They asked Billy for the bags, but he said, 'Take them yourselves,' and by that means saved the three best bags, for as soon as they had taken three bags out Billy said, 'That's all,' and shut down the lid. After they had finished overhauling the mails, I told Tommy my revolver would be of no use to him, as he could not get ammunition, and that he might give it me back, and if he would, and they were game, I would stand up at twenty paces and take them one by one. But he laughed, and said, 'I may.' However, he told us to get in. When I stepped forward he said, 'Not you, Mr. White-hat.' He then told Billy to drive on, and we walked a few yards to a log, when he put my revolver on it, and walked away three or four yards, and told me I might take it. I went up and laid hold of it, and found myself covered by three pieces; so, thinking discretion the better part of valour, I followed the coach, and so ended my night's adventure. They took 25s. in cash from Menzies, who said he had no more, and asked for some back; they gave him 5s. They did not manage to pitch on my watch. They refused to take Mr. Menzies' watch, nor did they open my valise, although they did his portmanteau, but took nothing. The reason Mr. Menzies would not let me fire was, as he said, that he had seen so many fellows with firearms who did not know how to use them, and he had none to back me up with. Had I fired, I must have got him, but Tommy would have had me dead in exchange. So I am not sorry I was stopped as I was, although I was enraged at the time."

ELOPEMENT.—During the present week the chief topic of conversation in Faringdon has been the elopement of a young lady of about twenty-eight years of age, the only daughter of a clergyman residing a few miles from here, with a young man in her father's employ as groom. The flight of the couple took place on Monday morning, and they are supposed to have taken the train at Didcot, their destination being unknown. An intimacy appears to have existed between them for some time, and it was the fact of this circumstance becoming known that was the cause of their clandestine departure. The young lady is said to be possessed of some little property.—*Berks Chronicle.*

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—(Advertisement.)

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—T. B. WILKES, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1838. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Moiries, London.—(Advertisement.)

THE LATE MR. CHARLES DAVIS AND MR. JAMES MASON.

Alas! we have lost within the last few days two of the very first men of their time, each in his own peculiar way. Mr. Charles Davis, her Majesty's late huntsman, and Mr. James Mason, better known as "Jem Mason" throughout England and France, and probably throughout Europe, have been taken from us. When shall we see their like again? I remember asserting, many years ago, before a numerous party, that there were then three men in England who were *facile principes* in their own professions, the second being Sir Edwin Landseer as a painter of animals in repose; and the third, "Jem Mason," as a cross-country rider. No one contradicted me. The great artist remains not only unvanquished, but clearly invincible. The third was never "collared" till the day when the ravages of a cruel malady forbade him any longer to get into his saddle. How well I recollect Mason when I first went as a little boy to Harrow School. He then often rode Mr. Harvey Combe's second horse. In spite of the excellence of the successive packs (Mr. Osbaldeston's was one), and the energy and liberality of the master, sport was rare, for the extremely difficult character of the old Berkeley country interfered with it. A fox would run short, turning at the end of a hedgerow as big as a small spinney; kills became less and less frequent, and we all knew that every fox which might be, but is not, accounted for makes hounds more slack and less disposed to do their best to account for the next. But even in those days Mason's magnificent horsemanship and judicious eye for country manifested themselves in the fine runs with the Queen's and Mr. De Burgh's staghounds over the Harrow, or as many of the field then called it and still call it—the Arrow country. And how kind he was to an inferior performer! I am afraid to say, for fear lest I should be thought to exaggerate, how many times he caught my mare during the latter part of a very severe run from Oxenden-farm nearly to Beaconsfield. Mason, as your readers know, began his career as a first-rate rider to hounds, and in this line his excellence was so prominent as to indicate to the best judges, such as Mr. Elmore, that he must, if tried, become a great steeplechase rider. And right, indeed, they were! Those three words, "Mason on Lottery," have long represented the *beau idéal* of the crack cross-country rider on the crack steeplechase horse. I have often seen Mason win, but I do not think that I ever saw him achieve his victory more magnificently than in a steeplechase over natural fences in a good hunting country about four miles from Oxford, on, I think, Gay Lad, when he left M'Donough in the second place after a severe set-to. It was a real pleasure to see him in a run. His seat, hand, and nerve, his marvellous combination of eye for hounds, pluck, and elegance in the saddle, delighted the eye, and his cheery way when a fox "broke" was enough to induce a doubtful goer to catch the contagion and ride "straight" in spite of himself, even if he had received before he started from home for the rail a circular announcing a heavy call on several hundred £50 shares in some joint-stock company in course of winding-up. I never had better opportunities of observing Mason's excellence with hounds than in some very agreeable days' sport with the harriers kept by Messrs. Hall, at Neasdon. In a burst with a fox over grass a man has quite enough to do to watch the two couples of leading hounds which are to make the turn—if there is but one, to select in each fence the weakest bits which are compatible with keeping open's place, and to hold one's horse together and nurse him when he is a little blown. Under these circumstances you cannot find time to admire another man's riding. But with harriers one's sensations are different. One can take it more coolly; and to see Mason on a first-rate young horse along over those fine grass fields round Harrow, with the lovely little pack looking like China images and racing on a breast-high scent in front was really a fine sight. I much regret that there is not (at least I do not know that there is) any portrait of Mason by a great artist. The *rates sacer* of the brush is wanting to his fame. I do not forget the representation, or type, of him on Lottery in the well-known coloured print of the steeplechase cracks. But no one would there recognise the handsome features of the individual, though the style of seat and graceful length of limb are well portrayed. The great Alexander, as Cicero tells us, standing on the tomb of Achilles, extolled his good fortune in that he had a Homer to sing his praises, and well may poor Mason's shade envy the *manes* of Mr. C. Davis in that the fine pencil of Sir F. Grant has handed down to posterity the most distinguished huntsman of staghounds. Of course, by this word I mean hounds which chase the calf or paddock-fed deer. There he sits on his gallant grey, still full of go, though with fore legs fired and shaken, with men of rank and birth all round him, yet who more aristocratic in appearance than Mr. Davis himself, nature's own nobleman? Well might he, with his high aquiline nose, those marked features, and that careworn look, have sat to Sir Joshua for "The Banished Lord" or for "Count Ugolino." I love to look at a proof engraving of "The Meet at Ascot Heath" hanging side by side with one of another *chef-d'œuvre* of the same artist, "The Meet at Melton." Alas! that those whom the distinguished president of the Royal Academy has collected round the

noble master of the royal pack, himself no more, and of those who in the other picture are gently making their way to the gorse, so many have been cut off in the prime of life! Alas! for those two gallant Irishmen whom you see on the rising ground at the right of the Melton picture—Lords Waterford and Desart; the latter, I think, the best-looking man as well as the best rider in Christ Church when I first "joined." And yet the noble earl who rides pre-eminent in the middle of the group might have sat for that portrait yesterday, so little effect has time upon him. —*Land and Water.*

Varieties.

CHIEF RECIPE FOR MAKING A BAISED PIE.—Sell a penny tart for twopence.

HOMOEOPATHIC DIET.—In a case of sluggish digestion, try small-broth.

MOTTO FOR MR. BASS.—"Ale, ale, allale!"—and porter.

THE poet who was wrapt in a fine frenzy, unfolded himself to his friend.

A STRANGE FACT.—That people of "loose" habits should be so often "tight."

WE notice the decease of a tailor's cutter-out. The cause of his death is not stated, but we suppose he died from *shear* exhaustion.

COMMON SWEARING argues in a man perpetual distrust of his own reputation; and is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not to be worthy of credit.

HUMAN knowledge is a proud pillar, but it is built in the midst of a desert of ignorance, and those who have ascended the highest, have gained a more extended view of the waste.

THE MIND.—The mind and qualities of a person are judged in general through the medium of the clothes on his back, or the gold in his pocket.

A ONE-POUND NOTE.—(By Anti-Bright).—Extend the franchise to one-pound voters, and will the elections be made according to the will of the Sovereign People.—*Punch.*

A SAD CASE.—"An old schoolmaster" thinks it very hard that he has to teach little boys the new Latin Primer in his declining years.—*Punch.*

WE are subject to attacks of tenderness, generosity and benevolence, as we are to attacks of fever. It is equally dangerous to act under the influence of the former as of the latter.

THE WATCHES.—The Romans divided the night into four watches. Each watch was on duty three hours, and then relieved by the next in turn. The third watch began about the modern twelve at night.

NOTE BY AN EVANGELICAL.—"Dangerous Crossings."—Those of the Ritualistic party.—*Punch.*

A DROP TOO MUCH.—Why should teetotallers never hold their meetings at the theatre?—Because there ought not to be a drop-seen at them.—*Pun.*

ON THE MOORS. CONSIDERATE—VERY! Laura: Oh, Charles, do run to Kitty! She daren't come on, and her pony is carrying all the best of the luncheon.—*Punch.*

A COMPROMISE WITH A CLOUD.—The important question of smoking in railway carriages might be satisfactorily settled if an Act of Parliament were passed as early as possible next session, compelling every railway traveller who indulges in a cigar or pipe to consume his own smoke.—*Punch.*

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Why is the King of Prussia like an exorcist? Because he has dispossessed his neighbours.—*Punch.*

POOR THINGS! It seems an impossibility for two silly lovers ever to agree, seeing that between them there can be no understanding.—*Punch.*

RUPTURES—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

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